

The Nation.

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The Week.

MR. SUMNER delivered, last week, a long and elaborate speech on the right of suffrage. A large portion of it was devoted to showing that the phrase, "republican form of government," as used in the Constitution, must be interpreted not by the aid of European publicists and philosophers, but by reference to "the early and constant postulates of the fathers, the corporate declarations of the fathers, the avowed opinions of the fathers, and the public acts of the fathers;" that the American idea of a republic is "that all are equal in rights, and that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed;" and he declares that "we might as well reject the Decalogue in determining moral duties, or the multiplication table in determining a question of arithmetic." This being the idea of the Constitution, he deduces from it the right of Congress to enforce equal suffrage by legislation, under the duty of guaranteeing a republican form of government. The argument is able and forcible, but if it fail to produce its due effect on the public mind it will be owing to the fact that, admitting his account of the theories of the fathers to be correct, their practice in establishing a form of government which was not republican in Mr. Sumner's sense, fell far below their theories. They established a bad precedent, and in now asking the nation to mend its ways, we fear we shall make almost as much progress by arguing from the necessity of the case as from authority. Therefore, that portion of his speech which goes to show that equal suffrage is essential to our safety and prosperity will, we think, make more impression than that which goes to show that our ancestors meant us to have it. Where Mr. Sumner fails, if he can be said to fail, at the present juncture, is in expecting that men like Mr. Johnson, who is perhaps a fair representative of the average intellect of the country, will be much affected by appeals to the authority of the fathers, in which more importance is attached to opinions expressed by them in essays and disquisitions and debates than opinions embodied by them in actual legislation.

THERE is a Health Bill, as our country readers are perhaps aware, now pending before the Legislature at Albany, the object of which is to prepare this city for the cholera visitation next summer, and the main virtue of which, apart from the summary powers it confers on the commissioners, lies in the fact that persons named in it for the office are not now, and never have been, connected with party politics. Everybody who is familiar with the history of the New York city gov-

ernment knows perfectly well that the great source of all city troubles is the extent to which municipal affairs are managed by active politicians, or the nominees of politicians. Mr. Greeley has, however, thought well to treat it as a party measure because he suspects Thurlow Weed—his wretched squabbles with whom have so long disgusted the public—of being one of its supporters, and has done his best to deprive it of all efficacy by having it so amended as to give Governor Fenton the nomination of the commissioners. Governor Fenton, whatever his excellences, is a politician, and, if not greatly misunderstood, an aspirant to the honors of a senatorship, in attaining which Mr. Greeley can, of course, greatly assist him. The motive which would mainly influence him in the selection of commissioners may therefore be guessed at. His nominees would probably be "sound" on the question of negro suffrage, and have decided views as to the character and aims of "T. W.," but perhaps be as competent to arrest cholera, and as likely to do so, as any of their predecessors. So that the real upshot of the matter will probably be that many thousands of unfortunates will be sacrificed next summer to prevent Thurlow Weed getting the better of Horace Greeley in lobby conflict in Albany. "Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achiivi"—which, being freely translated for the benefit of unlearned readers, means that, when politicians wrangle, poor men perish. What makes the matter all the more atrocious is that the men whose names have been inserted in the bill by its promoters are persons who have given the whole question of sanitary regulations for New York thorough and protracted study. They know where the bad drainage, the bad ventilation, and the overcrowding exist, and they have maturely considered what ought to be done by way of reform, and there now remain barely two months for them to carry out their plan, for according to the best authorities we may fairly expect the cholera by the middle of May. The persons whom Governor Fenton will put in their places have, on the other hand, most probably had their attention concentrated during the past winter on President Johnson's plan of reconstruction and the nefarious conduct of Thurlow Weed, and would, after their appointment, bring their great minds for the first time to the humble subject of bad smells and foul rooms. So that the early summer would probably find them either without a plan at all or with a very bad one.

Two Democratic conventions were in session on Wednesday of last week—one in New Hampshire and another in Connecticut. Both agreed that Congress has no power to regulate suffrage in any State. Both pledged their support to President Johnson—the former, because of the efforts he is making to secure immediate representation in Congress for the revolted States, with full restoration of their rights as members of the Union; the latter, because of his "statesmanlike resistance to negro suffrage" and to "the majority in Congress." The New Hampshire Democracy totally disapprove of any amendment of the Constitution. Their Connecticut brethren bid Congress "attend to the interests of the white man, who formed the Government, assured that in this the African race will have a sufficient guaranty of their protection and welfare." But we should like better grounds for this assurance than have been furnished by a State that disfranchises its colored citizens, and, à la Deacon Button, advises them, when abused, to go where their presence does not violate "the usages of society and the laws of decency."

THE passage relating to a "Special Committee" in the letter from our correspondent at the South, will interest those who are concerned to know how much security a Northern man may reasonably expect who goes there. From what follows may also be learned the precise

connection between liberty of speech and expression and Federal bayonets in the same quarter. *Per contra*, a private letter from Alabama, published in the *Times* of Monday, makes a fair, because an apparently candid, statement of personal experience favorable to the temper and behavior of the Southern people. The writer's testimony would have been more valuable if he could have vouched not only for the "Republican" and "radical" characters of certain persons known to have been unmolested, but for their habitually expressing their views without reserve.

A CORRESPONDENT, in a letter which we publish elsewhere, furnishes us a few of the opprobrious epithets which Mr. Phillips has from time to time bestowed not simply on pro-slavery men, but on some of the foremost advocates of the anti-slavery cause. The list might, if the game were worth the candle, be indefinitely extended. It is only Mr. Phillips's recent claim to be considered a mild, indulgent, and polite critic that renders the matter worth further notice. If he enjoys the use of "bad language" in public towards everybody who happens to differ with him, he is perfectly welcome to it. But we warn him that as long as he allows himself this luxury, he is estopped from giving lessons in the art of criticism either to THE NATION or anybody else. And we warn the whole school of politicians and reformers to which he belongs that there is no occult virtue in the "cause of the negro" which enables its supporters to dispense with the observance of the rules of decency to which the advance of civilization has, we are thankful to say, subjected the intercourse of white Christians. That cause has to be advocated just like any other cause, with a proper amount of respect for the character and feelings of their fellow-citizens, even by those who are wanting in proper respect for themselves. A champion of negro suffrage raving, ranting, and calling names, and blackening the character of his opponents, is as offensive a spectacle as can well be conceived of. The better the cause, the nobler ought to be the port of those who sustain it.

WE believe that the interpretation put by THE NATION upon the term "whitewash" in Mr. Sumner's speech upon the President's message regarding the condition of the South, was that at first put upon it by all of Mr. Sumner's friends and by the public generally, nor do we see how any other interpretation of it could be expected. It was upon the assumption that this interpretation was just that the article was based which drew forth Mr. Wendell Phillips's comments. Mr. Sumner having denied, however, that his intention, in using that term, was what we had supposed, and as every person has an undoubted right to put any construction he pleases upon his own words, we are bound to acquit him of all blame in the matter except for carelessness, or lack of judgment, in the choice of phrases under circumstances which made well-weighed words the only ones to which scholars and statesmen should have resorted.

SOME remarkable facts are brought out in our financial article this week. One is that foreign exchange has not been so low since 1861, when the war was impending. The news of this in England will probably give the finishing blow to the delusion set afloat by the *Times* that the financial stringency there is due to the largeness of our credits, and will reveal the plain truth—that capital is beginning to flow from all parts of the world to New York rather than to London.

A GALVESTON paper is disturbed by the reflection that the bulk of European emigrants to the South must first pass through the hands of "Northern fanatics, wire-pullers, and politicians," and so be disqualified from becoming identified with the Southern people. This unfortunate necessity it proposes should be remedied by the South establishing its own emigration agencies abroad, with corresponding agencies in its own ports; and by this sort of moral or political quarantine it hopes the importations will be effectually secured from infection. We hardly know what European state whose stock is worth having would offer the best material to the fastidious South. The Germans in Texas before the war were driving slave labor out of fashion by the sheer force of comparison, and the civilization of the South will as certainly give way before that introduced by colonies from the Continent, no matter who manipulates them on the passage.

AFTER all, if we seek the pure well of English undefiled, we must go South for it. Senator Wade unwittingly sounded it when he said in Congress he could never by his vote surrender the freedmen to be destroyed by their enemies. The *Georgia Weekly Telegraph* gushes out at him in this fashion:

"O fanatic! O blockhead! O numskull! O base calumniator! . . . Base vilifier! . . . Dog of a slanderer, etc., etc."

A NUMBER of "merchants and residents of the city of Matamoras" have signed a strong protest against the conduct of the United States officials on the Mexican frontier, accusing them of affording active aid to the Juarists and the guerrillas, and with encouraging filibustering, and having connived at the capture and pillage of Bagdad. General Weitzel replies that people in Matamoras were guilty of gross breaches of neutrality during the war, which is a very poor kind of *tu quoque*. United States officers do not stand on the same footing with Matamoras traders as regards neutrality laws, and if, as General Weitzel admits, United States officers and men may have been guilty of giving material aid to one of the belligerents in Mexico, we suspect he can hardly be acquitted, as he desires to be, of all responsibility for it. As regards the capture of Bagdad, it is undoubtedly not General Weitzel's duty to guard Mexican towns, but it is his duty to see that United States troops are not amongst the number of those who sack them. The protest is, probably, a bundle of gross exaggerations and calumnies, but we cannot say we consider the reply to it either happy or conclusive.

THE evidence on which Gordon was convicted has reached England, and proves to be such as no magistrate there would have considered sufficient to warrant a commitment for trial. And the court, it must be remembered, was composed of three young officers, the oldest of whom only got his commission in 1859. We fell into the error in our last number of speaking of Kingston as the place in which he was tried and hanged. He was arrested in Kingston, but the proceedings and execution took place in Morant Bay.

GENERAL PRIM, and the Spanish revolution with him, has passed out of public interest into Portugal. The Spanish nation is determined, however, to keep itself before the world, by continuing its unjust course towards Chili with all possible circumstances of aggravation. On the other hand, Peru has united with Chili, and it is possible that nearly all the Spanish forces on the Pacific may yet be driven to commit suicide.

THE commercial treaty recently concluded between Italy and the Zollverein awaits, before going into effect, the full concurrence of the latter. This, it is not doubted, will be obtained in time. Hanover, however, is stubborn, and wishes to adhere to the treaty without committing herself to the recognition of the kingdom—a course which is not only in its nature an absurdity, but is expressly removed by the terms of the treaty itself.

WITH the new year still further separation of church and state takes place in Italy. The latter henceforth by law takes cognizance only of civil marriages. The bishops prudently recommend the faithful to avoid the unpleasant consequences of "contracting a religious marriage which should afterwards lack the formalities demanded by the civil law, and would not be recognized by the public authority." They make bold to add that without the marriage sacrament there can be no Christian union, but only concubinage.

THEY have established at Liege in Belgium a sort of mechanics' institute and lyceum, called the *Franklin Society*. A school teacher of Leghorn cites a maxim of "Beniamino" in support of an appeal for a public library in that city.

BY a recent order of the Russian Emperor, persons of Polish descent are forbidden to acquire real estate in nine western provinces. Two years are allowed those who have been exiled and their goods sequestered to sell their property to orthodox Russians.

THERE is a rivalry of the Alpine passes for the honor of the projected railway between Switzerland and Italy. Cantons declare, and engineers write books, for the Simplon, Saint-Gothard, or Lukmanier, according to their respective predilections.

RECONSTRUCTION does not go uncontested in Switzerland. Six cantons have favored by their votes the revision of the federal constitution, nine have pronounced against it, and six hang fire.

THE Porte has notified the European Powers through their representatives that the international conference concerning the cholera will shortly assemble at Constantinople. It has also added that the deliberations of this body must not extend beyond the domain of science, nor be in any sense of a diplomatic character. The French ambassador has responded that this was not exactly the motive of his Government in appointing a minister plenipotentiary delegate on its part. The Porte is evidently apprehensive of intermeddling with its concerns, and, besides this warning, is said to have resolved to send a Turkish medical commission to Jidda two months in advance of the pilgrimages, to take precautionary measures against the pestilence.

DURING the last quarter the receipts from visitors at Pompeii were only 400 francs, against 40,000 in the same period of the year before. The cholera made the difference.

CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10, 1866.

CONSIDERABLE progress has been made during the week in the public business, although no measure of great national importance has passed either House. The naval appropriation bill occupied much of the time of the House, and the policy advocated by Gen. Banks, Mr. Washburne, and others, of postponing the expenditure of public money upon the Southern navy yards at Norfolk and Pensacola until those regions are in a settled condition, was adopted by the House, against the desire of the Naval Committee and of the Department.

The measure which passed the House, providing for the sale of all the public lands in the late rebel States to actual settlers, including the freedmen, in small parcels of 80 acres or less, at \$1 25 per acre, is an extension of the beneficent provisions of the Homestead act, from which much good may result. Still, it will be absolutely necessary to have the law backed up by the power of the federal Government, as, in the present state of prejudice against the freedmen throughout the South, no policy will be more unpopular and more violently resisted than the independent ownership and settlement of land by the negro.

The reconsideration and amendment of the Freedmen's Bureau bill, as it came back from the House, gave opportunity to Senator Guthrie, of Kentucky, to utter one of the most deliberately disloyal sentiments ever heard in Congress. He said, "You will have to acknowledge these States, and let them in, or you will have to do worse. . . . The passage of this system of bills is a dissolution of this Union, and you cannot help it. It is impossible for you to carry on this Government under any such system. Do you suppose there will ever come a time under this bill that they will desire to become members of this Union once more? . . . There were rebels in all the States in the beginning, and there will be again if you drive these people to desperation."

Had this language emanated from Mr. Guthrie's colleague, Garrett Davis, it might have passed as the vaporing of a common political scold. But from Senator Guthrie, a man of wide influence, immense wealth, and unimpeached honor and integrity, it sounds very ominous indeed. It has long been seen that Kentucky is more fanatically wedded to slavery than any Southern State—not excepting South Carolina. One of her (Union) representatives in the House said, the other day, that Kentucky was not only one of the most disloyal States in the Union, but was the only State which had practically succeeded by her legislation in carrying out the doctrine of secession. Are we to have a second war of rebellion, Kentucky taking the lead?

Another and a better border State—Missouri—claims the credit not only of a voluntary abolition of slavery, but of establishing (alone of

all the States) a government purged of rebellion by the utter disfranchisement of all her citizens who took part in that great treason. Her two senators and all her representatives, save two, are "radicals" to the core, and to Senator John B. Henderson, of that State, belongs the honor of proposing the substitute for the constitutional amendment of the Committee of Fifteen, which prohibits any State from making any discriminations between its citizens on the ground of race or color.

This last proposition has gained an accession of strength this week, not only from the exposure of the difficulties, inconsistencies, and anti-republican admissions of the amendment before the Senate, but from the unexpected adhesion to the principle of universal suffrage of Senator Lane, of Indiana, heretofore reckoned, with several other Western senators, as opposed to negro voting. While planting himself, by his powerful speech on this subject, in advance of the public sentiment of his State, Mr. Lane forecasts the future sufficiently to have assured himself that absolute political equality is the only safe or tenable ground for securing the rights of the emancipated race. He turned the argument of "a war of races," recently reiterated by the President as an objection to equal rights, against its champions, by the assertion that justice alone is a stable foundation for reconstruction, and that a war of races is to be prevented by so constituting our political system as that no race shall be denied its rights.

The Senate debate upon the Constitutional Amendment is likely to last at least another week, and meanwhile several State legislatures will, undoubtedly, adjourn. The prospect of its ultimate adoption by twenty-seven States is very remote, and the most discerning judges share the opinion that even its adoption by the Senate is daily growing more uncertain. The stimulus of party unity and the resentment of Executive dictation is felt less strongly here than in the popular branch of Congress, where the "previous question" carries through measures often distasteful to the very men who vote for them. Besides, the partial and illogical reform of the Constitution proposed in this amendment lends strength to the champions of absolute and universal suffrage, who oppose anything short of a reform that can be completely justified on grounds of principle. Still, there is far more prospect that the amendment reported will pass than that any other will be agreed upon at the present session of Congress. Should no amendment pass, the friends of impartial and universal suffrage would go to the people, and Congress at its next session, if not intimidated by too severe a popular "rebuke of radicalism" at the fall elections, will propose a constitutional amendment such as will not need to be amended.

DIARY.

Monday, Feb. 5, 1866.—In the Senate, the House bill prohibiting American vessels which sailed under foreign flags during the rebellion from being registered or enjoying the privileges of American vessels, was taken up and laid over. The House joint resolution proposing a constitutional amendment to regulate the basis of representation was taken up. Mr. Sumner spoke five hours against the amendment, concluding his speech on Tuesday. He argued that the proposed amendment would introduce discord and defilement into the Constitution, by admitting that rights could be "denied or abridged on account of race or color;" that by its adoption Congress would prove derelict to its constitutional duty to guarantee a republican form of government to each State; and that having already legislated to protect the colored race in civil rights, it is bound to secure to them political rights also.

In the House, Mr. Blaine offered a bill providing for a census of the United States, to be taken in 1866. Referred. Bills were introduced to amend the indemnity act of March 3, 1863; to improve the Mississippi River; to fix the standard of weights and measures; to amend the *habeas corpus* act; to prescribe an oath for public officers and members of the bar; and to amend the Homestead act; all of which were referred. The Senate resolution for distributing 500 copies of Madison's Writings was passed. The Senate bill to protect all persons in the United States in their civil rights was referred. Mr. Ross offered a resolution setting apart one day in each week to the public business, to be known as "white man's day." Laid on the table. Mr. McClurg, of Missouri, offered a resolution looking toward levying contributions on the seceding States to support the standing army and protect loyal citizens. The House refused to table it by 41 to 65. Laid over. Mr. Blow, of Missouri, offered a resolution looking to employment of colored troops, with their consent, in the construction of railroads. Referred. A resolution instructing the Joint Committee of Fifteen to report upon the expediency of removing the national capital was adopted. The House passed the Senate amendments to the pension appropriation bill. The Freedmen's Bureau bill of the Senate was discussed by Messrs. Trimble, Grinnell, McKee, Eliot, and Stevens. Speeches were also made on reconstruction by Messrs. Hubbell, Randall, Lawrence, and Stillwell.

February 6.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner reported from the Committee on Foreign Relations a bill to authorize the President to appoint a diplomatic representative to the Dominican Republic. Passed to a second reading. A resolution was passed, instructing the Judiciary Committee to report on the expediency of paying loyal citizens in rebel States for supplies furnished the army of the U. S. The Senate took up House joint resolution proposing a constitutional amendment regulating the ba

representation. Mr. Doolittle offered an amendment basing representation upon the number of male electors over 21 years qualified by existing State laws.

In the House, the Senate resolution of thanks to Vice-Admiral Farragut was passed. The Freedmen's Bureau Bill was taken up. Mr. Smith, of Ky., offered an amendment, exempting Kentucky from its provisions. Lost—yeas, 34; nays, 131. Mr. Stevens offered a substitute, striking out the limitation to three years of the possessory titles acquired by freedmen under Sherman's field orders; providing that freedmen may acquire title both to public lands and confiscated lands: and that all these titles shall be perpetual. Lost—yeas, 37; nays, 126. The bill was then passed—yeas, 136; nays, 33; absent, 13. Mr. Stevens reported a bill making appropriations for fortifications for the fiscal year ensuing. Made a special order for Feb. 15. The joint resolution giving consent of Congress to the transfer of Berkeley and Jefferson Counties from Virginia to the State of West Virginia was passed—yeas, 113; nays, 34.

February 7.—In the Senate, a bill to increase soldiers' pensions from \$8 to \$12 per month was passed to a second reading. A bill to revise and consolidate the statutes of the United States was reported from the Committee on the Judiciary. The House bill providing that no vessel which sailed under protection of a foreign government during the rebellion shall be deemed or registered as an American vessel except by special act of Congress was passed—yeas, 31; nays, 12. Mr. Wilson's resolution proposing a constitutional amendment prohibiting any payment by the United States or any State on account of the emancipation of slaves, or on account of debts incurred in aid of rebellion, was referred to the Joint Committee of Fifteen. The consideration of the House constitutional amendment was resumed; Mr. Fessenden defended it, and replied to Mr. Sumner, arguing that universal suffrage is not now a practical measure, and that although he (Mr. F.) was for amending the Constitution so as to secure equal political rights to all, yet it cannot be carried by the requisite number of States. He criticized Mr. Sumner's proposed substitute as amounting to this: "Whereas, it is provided in the Constitution that the United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government; therefore, we declare that there shall be a republican form of government, and nothing else." The bill reported from the Committee on Public Lands, granting one million acres for the support of schools in the District of Columbia without distinction of race or color, was discussed and re-committed.

In the House a bill was passed to declare the meaning of the internal revenue act, so as to collect a larger amount from corporations. Mr. Stevens reported a bill making appropriations for the diplomatic service. Made a special order for February 15. The House passed a resolution instructing the clerk to prepare an index to Executive documents and House reports from 1859 to 1867. Mr. Brooks presented credentials of six representatives from Alabama. Referred to the Reconstruction Committee. Also, a petition from women asking the right to vote. Sent to the same committee. Mr. Julian, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported the bill for the disposal of the public lands in Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Florida to actual settlers only, without distinction of color, in parcels not exceeding 80 acres. An amendment to include in the privileges of the bill all persons pardoned by the President for participation in rebellion was defeated—yeas, 37; nays, 104. The Senate bill granting the franking privilege to Mrs. Mary Lincoln was passed. Also, Senate resolution extending the time for completion of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad. Also, Senate resolution to pay the expenses of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction. A resolution was passed asking the Secretary of the Treasury to inform the House how much revenue has been derived from the late rebel States since April, 1865. The naval appropriation bill was considered and amended. Messrs. Walker, Henderson, and Kelso made speeches on reconstruction.

February 8.—In the Senate, Mr. Doolittle presented the credentials of John Pool as senator from North Carolina. Laid on the table. Mr. Sumner presented a petition from the State Convention of colored men of Mississippi praying Congress to establish a republican form of government. Mr. Lane, of Indiana, spoke two hours on reconstruction, arguing that Congress alone has power over the subject, that the late rebel States are not now fit for full membership in the Union, and that their governments can only be made republican in form by the admission of the freedmen to citizenship and the right of suffrage. The Senate considered the House amendments to the Freedmen's Bureau bill, and non-concurred in the one restricting its operation to the States in which the *habeas corpus* is now suspended. The other amendments were concurred in. Mr. Guthrie, of Kentucky, spoke against the bill, declaring it a degradation of Kentucky, a measure to create rebellion, and a dissolution of the Union. Mr. Henderson, of Missouri, rebuked such sentiments, and declared himself in favor of its extension to all the States, but predicted it would be ineffectual without the ballot, which should be extended to the negro by constitutional amendment.

In the House, the bill for disposing of the public lands in the late rebel States to actual settlers, without distinction of color, in parcels of eighty acres, was passed—yeas, 113; nays, 34. The naval appropriation bill was considered and amended, the House reducing the appropriation for the Pensacola Navy Yard from \$300,000 to about \$50,000. The bankrupt bill was considered, debated, and amended.

February 9.—In the Senate, the credentials of Geo. S. Houston, as senator from Alabama, were presented and laid on the table. The House bill for the disposal of public lands in the late rebel States to actual settlers was referred. A resolution was passed directing the Secretary of War to communicate a compendium of medical statistics collected during the war. Mr. Davis offered a resolution for a select committee to investigate frauds by cotton agents of the United States. Laid over. The Senate took up the House resolution proposing a constitutional amendment to regulate the ratio of representation. Mr. Johnson argued against it as unfair to the States having large negro populations, as diminishing their representation, while increasing their taxation, and as calculated to lead to discord and disunion. Adjourned to February 12.

In the House, the Senate amendment to the Freedmen's Bureau bill, extending its operation to all the States, was concurred in. A message was received from the President declining to communicate, as incompatible with the public interest, the grounds or accusations upon which Jefferson Davis, C. C. Clay, and D. L. Yulee are held in confinement. The naval appropriation bill was resumed and many amendments made, among which was one striking out nearly \$300,000 for the Norfolk Navy Yard, and appropriating \$30,000 to keep it in repair. A proviso was added to the bill that no moneys appropriated by it shall be paid in violation of the test oath of 1862. The bill

was then passed. The House resumed the consideration of the bankrupt bill, making sundry amendments thereto.

February 10.—The Senate was not in session.

In the House, speeches upon reconstruction were made by Messrs. Ward, Delano, and Williams. Mr. Rogers gave notice of a bill to repeal all acts exempting Federal securities from State and Federal taxation. Adjourned to February 12.

THE FREEDMEN.

ACCORDING to the latest advices from Gen. Tillson the people of Georgia, who generally at first were strongly opposed to giving reasonable wages, now, influenced by the judicious course of the Bureau, are exhibiting much greater readiness to pay the freed people fair wages, while many of them declare that their prospects were never so good before, and that the freed people are doing admirably.

From Mississippi we receive the intelligence that the disproportion between the demand for labor and the supply ensures the freedmen a good price for all they do, and makes them quite independent. To meet the demand for labor in the Mississippi bottoms large numbers of laborers have been transported from the interior and poorer parts of the State to the rich lands, where they will be well treated, fed, and paid by kind employers. A very bitter feeling exists in the State against Government lessees, who are using property that has been restored.

In Virginia, the need for some of the troops that have been recently withdrawn or mustered out makes itself seriously felt among the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau. In some of the counties justice cannot be strictly enforced, and returned rebel soldiers maltreat freedmen at their good pleasure. The forces in Virginia are scarcely enough to guard public property.

—Lieut. Wood's disclaimer of any participation in the cruel outrages on the freedmen at Beach Branch, S. C., and denial that they even occurred, should have been addressed, our special correspondent informs us, to anybody rather than himself. He only quoted from the report of Gen. Saxton, which embodied charges against "the officer at Beach Branch," and of which he forwards us an official copy. The language is exactly reproduced in his twenty-first letter to THE NATION.

—The difficulty experienced by the Bureau in obtaining detailed officers as permanent agents is not likely to be diminished by the recent fate of many of them. One was murdered in his bed at Pontotoc, Mississippi, according to a telegraphic despatch of the 6th. A Newbern (N. C.) paper of the same date reports that Capt. Horace James, superintendent for that district, went to the neighboring town of Washington on freedmen's business, where he was assailed by rowdies and most shamefully beaten. A detachment of ten men, under a lieutenant, was sent from headquarters to the scene of the outrage, and on the road thither was waylaid, the lieutenant being shot.

—The Maryland Legislature adjourned on the 8th. The House bill to admit colored testimony to the courts was laid on the table by the Senate; thus justifying the wisdom of Congress in extending to that State the authority of the Freedmen's Bureau.

Minor Topics.

In this country, where the effective and simple invention of *avertissement* is unknown, the press has a liberty not bounded even by the dictionary, but limited only by the imaginations of the people who write for it. A certain check upon journalistic fancy once existed, when nearly all the writers for the press were known; for then, individuals aggrieved by a newspaper had the means of personal satisfaction in their own hands, and there was nothing in public opinion to restrain a citizen from beating an editor if he liked. This means of satisfaction is still the resort of injured innocence in the remoter districts, but it must be confessed that it is liable to sad abuses, and that an editor may now and then be flogged for upholding a great principle, as well as for defaming private character. In this metropolis—where some characteristics of our civilization have found their ripest growth—the *argumentum ad hominem* is difficult of application in most cases

of editorial offence; for the journalists are nearly all sheltered under the cloak of impersonality, which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and the public has come to look with a sentimental disfavor upon the device of beating the responsible editor.

In Italy, where the Government exercises a certain control over the press, it is the custom for each journal to maintain as its *gerente responsabile* a stout laboring man, who, for a stipulated salary, consents to be cast into prison in atonement for such offences as the journal may commit. Consequently, this honest fellow spends half his days in arrest; the journalists pay the fines, and write what they please. This would be the true principle on which to make the journalists personally responsible in this country. For a very slight consideration, a newly arrived emigrant, or an able-bodied freedman, or one of those Constitution-as-it-was people, who believe that slavery is a fine thing and flogging a privilege, could be induced to represent the editor of any leading journal, and take those beatings which can now no longer be given to the real offenders.

Lacking, however, this more perfectly organized means of satisfaction, the victim of journalism must still turn for redress to the courts of law, as Mr. A. T. Stewart has lately done, with a success which must surprise the public. This gentleman had been defamed in a journal which is devoted to the exposure of crime on the principle of a thief set to catch a thief, and he courageously brought suit for criminal prosecution. The suit was very lamely defended, on the ground that Mr. Stewart was not the person intended in the libellous article; although his standing and circumstances were so described that those who knew the story to be false could not mistake the direction of the slander. Mr. Stewart, having proved that the article was utterly unfounded, accepted an apology from the defendants, and withdrew his suit.

He has since caused the arrest of the New York correspondent of a St. Louis journal, who had similarly defamed him, and has sued the proprietor of the paper for libel. It seems probable that he will succeed in this case, as in the former; and certainly the good wishes of the community are with him in his defence of private reputation against unprincipled writers for the press.

We Americans, who have so much civil liberty, have singularly little individual freedom, and it is to be acknowledged that the palladium of our liberties is often made to bear rather heavily upon us. From thrones, and crowns, and usurpations of political power we are tolerably safe; but we have our tyrants, nevertheless. The number of chiefs among us taking notes with a view to printing them is out of all proportion to the census, and the

"Sweet little cherubs who sit up aloft"

in the fifth stories of the daily newspaper offices, writing articles, have a sharper tooth for private character than could be wished. There are laws for libel on our statute-books, but they have heretofore been of very difficult and infrequent application. Now that Mr. Stewart, however, has heroically illustrated the fact that they do afford certain redress, we hope the lesson will be lost neither upon our professional brethren nor their victims. It was, of course, Mr. Stewart's unfathomable purse which contained his success; but then, it is usually rich and prominent men who are assailed, and these have the means of defence made known to them. We imagine that if they pursued and prosecuted their enemies in the press, and exposed the factitious quality of their romances, they would do much to protect public as well as private reputation. We have grown to have a sad character for morals, or the want of them, in our large cities, by virtue of just such stories as Mr. Stewart has shown to be false. The ginger is now and then hot in the mouth, it cannot be gainsayed; but in many cases the salacious *contes* with which New York correspondents, and lewd journalists of the baser sort, enrich the newspapers are utter fiction. Unless the tendency to scandal is in some way checked, we shall have, with a really not very wicked civilization, such a state of things as exists in some European countries, where unspotted reputations are unknown, and purity of life is no safer from infamy than its opposite.

Upon the whole, we imagine that the merit (such as it is) of the most distinguished of the recent railroad accidents must be given to

New Jersey. Not the most populous or most extensive among the States of this Union, she has far excelled her sisters in efforts to raise the public horror by the destruction of the travelling community, and she has just made another appeal to our somewhat toughened sensibilities by a casualty of certain appalling circumstances. The people who rode over a bridge near the village of Bloomfield, last Thursday, on the Bloomfield and Newark Railroad, must have been alarmed, but could hardly have been surprised, by the breaking of the bridge and the precipitation of their train into the stream below, with the well-known picturesque effects of the cars heaped in wild ruin, one upon another, and the equally familiar dramatic interest of the cries and moans of the sufferers buried in the wreck. We say these people could hardly have been surprised, for it was a matter of common fame that the bridge in question was rotten and unsafe, and it had more than once been reported to the company as exceedingly dangerous. These facts, indeed, were so public in the region through which the Bloomfield and Newark Railroad runs, that we should think the accidental insurance company, in which the young man who was killed held a policy for ten thousand dollars, might reasonably refuse to pay the insurance, on the ground that to pass over the Bloomfield bridge was an attempt to defraud the company. Their decision is still to transpire. In the meantime a coroner's inquest has been held on the victim's remains, and the jury have found that he came to his death through the gross and culpable neglect of the railroad officers, who failed to put the bridge in repair when informed of its insecurity.

Now, we tell New Jersey that all this will not do. The public may be willing to acknowledge her primacy in railroad accidents, but the public really does not care any longer for this sort of distinction, and does not in the least honor it. The truth is, the whole business of casualties by land and water is utterly stale, and people are simply bored by your absurd railroad slaughters and your foolish steamboat assassinations. These stories of trains off the track, and through bridges, and driven one into another, are all twice and thrice and thirty times told tales, and we turn from them with a feeling akin to disgust. Is our interest to be any longer awakened by the fact of some scores of wretched travellers daily burnt, and crushed, and beheaded, and disembowelled, and dismembered?

"Every minute dies a man,
Every minute one is born."

And we have learnt to consider that if these things happen, neither death's measure nor pain's is overflowed, but merely filled from unusual sources. People thus hurriedly put out of the way, are spared from lingering long and expensively in bed, and from suffering with disease.

Then, as to the coroner's inquest and verdict and all that, is it not the most tiresome part of the whole tedious farce? We know very well about these things: how the jury is empanelled, and great numbers of witnesses are examined, and indignation is manifested, and the proceedings printed in the newspapers, and there an end. No; if New Jersey has really an ambition to figure in the public view, she must either invent some novelty in horror, or else strike chords of sensation, never yet swept, by executing justice in some such familiar case as the present. The latter would probably be the more difficult of achievement (though we are by no means ready to say that the former would be easy), but then the triumph would be vastly greater. Let New Jersey reflect what renown she might win by convicting the officers of the Bloomfield and Newark Railroad, for example, of manslaughter; by shaving their highly respectable heads; by putting their influential persons into prison stripes, and by teaching their universally esteemed legs the lock-step! But we dare say New Jersey will not do anything of the kind. At least we cannot take courage to hope for such greatness from New Jersey, in view of the fact that her Governor has just declined to re-nominate one of her judges, because he decided that New Jersey had no right to sell a monopoly of the public carriage of passengers, over her territory, to any one railroad company.

The special attention of the reader is directed to the *Financial Review* on another page. Its place among the advertisements is by no means significant of its value, but is resorted to only that we may obtain the latest intelligence of the market.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE WAY THE GOVERNMENT IS SERVED.

WANT of space did not allow us, last week, to do more than allude to the comments made by the Revenue Commission, in their report, on the present condition of the principal Custom House in the country—that of this city—and on the whole administrative system of the Government. The loss sustained through the frauds and waste and incompetency of the employees at the New York Custom House was estimated as ranging from \$12,000,000 to \$25,000,000 annually, and the wonder is that it is not greater. Only a very small minority of the officers are persons who had experience of their duties before the incoming of Mr. Lincoln's administration. The proportion of them that were originally selected for their office because of any special fitness for their duties is still smaller. The large majority are men who have been unsuccessful in various other pursuits; and the cases are rare, indeed, in which these pursuits have been of a nature to furnish them with either the kind of knowledge or kind of training called for by the Custom House. In nine cases out of ten they were appointed on purely political grounds, for services rendered to the party either by themselves, or more generally by their friends; and apart from this, their only claim on the Government is based on the fact that there is nothing under the sun by which money may be made for which they are fitted. It is only, in fact, owing to the almost accidental intrusion into office of a few men possessed of some commercial experience, and the retention by each new administration of a few men of official experience, that the business of the establishment can be carried on at all. Every known guarantee against plunder and waste is thus, one might almost say, studiously removed. Select a man for office without reference to his fitness; retain him in it without reference to his efficiency, and make his tenure dependent on the ups and downs of politics, and you have hit upon the best known mode of promoting corruption, negligence, and malfeasance, short of actually offering a full pardon for thieving and idleness, with a percentage on the amount stolen.

But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the bad effects of this system are witnessed only in the Custom House. There is, perhaps, nothing on which the operations of the commercial world, as well as the happiness of individuals, are so much dependent in this new country of ours as on the officering of the post-office. And yet we have the worst post-office in the civilized world—the one in which most letters are lost and delayed, and in which least attention is paid to public convenience in the despatch of mails. We are not now talking of the sparsely settled States of the border, in which distance, badness of roads, absence of bridges, and wide diffusion of population naturally offer insurmountable obstacles, for the present, to the accurate or regular working of the postal system. We are talking of this system as it exists in the old and densely populated States of the East, whose cities, in wealth, numbers, intelligence, and letter-writing, may vie with those of any country in the world. In all these the post-offices are mostly presided over by mere politicians, men without the smallest knowledge of, or liking for, their duties, and who pay little or no attention to them. The New York Post-office is one of the most important in the world; the postmaster is an illiterate person, who has passed his life in ward politics, and still devotes a large portion of his attention to them. Of his subordinates, a few, of course, have to be retained from term to term in order to prevent the machine stopping altogether; but the mass are the nominees of politicians, and are of even a lower class in character and intelligence than the denizens of the Custom House; and, in order to make them, if possible, still more inefficient, they hold their places at will, are poorly paid, and have to submit, as have the Custom House officers, to have their poor pittance docked nearly every year to assist in the payment of the electioneering expenses of their party. The result is, that there is about the

whole establishment a laxity and absence of responsibility which deprives it of all public confidence, leads to enormous losses every year, mars social intercourse, sets a bad example to the community, and makes every American blush when he reads of or experiences the wonderful accuracy and regularity of the English and French post-offices.

Now, this disgraceful mode of carrying on the civil administration of the Government is no necessary part of the democratic system. It is, on the contrary, intensely oligarchical. Cynical contempt for the public and indifference to the public convenience run through the whole of it. If an aristocrat were seeking means to accomplish the overthrow of democracy or to bring it into disrepute, he could hardly hit upon anything better than this mode of filling the public offices; and, in point of fact, it does at this moment furnish to European writers one of their favorite illustrations of the worthlessness of purely popular governments. Nor is it of ancient date. It was inaugurated by Andrew Jackson, a man who, in spite of the brilliancy of his military career, was, as a civil administrator, one of the worst enemies the country has ever had, and he introduced it for the not inappropriate purpose of gratifying personal spite against Henry Clay.

One has not to go far to find the remedy. Congress has but to pass an act applying to all branches of the public service the rule suggested by the Revenue Commission with regard to the Custom House—throwing open all places in the public service, except the highest, to everybody, male or female, above a certain age, possessed of a good character, capable of standing the test of a competitive examination both as to physical and intellectual qualifications. The whole system of nomination by members of Congress is a monstrous abuse. This done, Government officers should be paid as well for working for the United States as any private person would pay them, unless, indeed, a small deduction were made for the greater permanence and security which the public service ought to offer. Their places ought to be dependent on good behavior; promotion, within certain limits, ought to be by seniority; and there ought to be pensions for the superannuated. True, this would deprive politicians of one valuable source of excitement, and would drive large numbers of the lower grades into other employments, but the public would certainly be no loser by their disappearance.

If we said, however, that we anticipated an immediate realization of our hopes on this subject, we should be guilty of deceit. We do not. It will, we fear, be a long time before any party acquires enough conscience and public spirit to use its power to deprive itself as well as its adversaries of the means of rewarding its underlings out of the public purse. But if Congress acts on the suggestion of the Revenue Commission with regard to the Custom House, we shall at least have inserted the narrow end of the wedge.

THE IMPERIAL SPEECH.

THE speech of the French Emperor, which opens the legislative session, was expected this year with more than usual impatience. The Mexican question had become of prime solicitude to the nation, and it was expected that Napoleon III. would announce the withdrawal of his troops from the ill-fated empire of Maximilian. The last steamers had brought the message of President Johnson and the documents which accompany it; the official press could no longer conceal from the French people that the intervention in Mexico was looked upon by the American people as a disguised attack upon the United States, and a violation of the Monroe Doctrine. The opinions expressed by Gen. Grant on the Mexican war had also found their way to Paris, and had created much sensation. Under these circumstances we may imagine with what impatience the words of the Imperial oracle were expected. In the speech pronounced in the *Salle des Etats* by Napoleon, the lion has become a lamb. Nothing is left of the oriental and pompos style to which we were accustomed; nothing of the dogmatic and dictatorial tone; nothing of the Napoleonic impudence and pride. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* The nephew of Bonaparte no longer wishes to interfere in the affairs of Europe; Bismark may do as he likes; the Emperor of France only means to preserve, in the face of new events, of new complications, usurpations, and conquests, the right "*de nous réjouir ou de nous réjouir*" (of being satisfied or sorry), a right which it would be very hard to deny him.

Mexico is mentioned in only ten lines of a speech which occupies three full columns of the *Moniteur*. We are taught that the government founded there on the will of the people is consolidating; that the rebels are dispersed and have no longer a chief; that the expedition approaches its close, and that Napoleon is negotiating with Maximilian to fix the time of the withdrawal of his troops, in order that they may return to France without compromising the French interests which they have gone to defend in those distant parts.

This programme would have been more promising if those "French interests" had been defined a little. Frenchmen have not forgotten, if the Emperor has, that he once wrote that he "meant to re-establish across the seas the strength and the prestige of the Latin race." They have not forgotten, if he has, that he wrote on the 3d of July, 1862, to Marshal Forey: "Our interest is that the United States should be powerful and prosperous, but that this republic should not conquer the whole Gulf of Mexico, dominate the West Indies as well as South America, and become the only dispenser of the products of the New World." If the Emperor Napoleon resolved upon the Mexican expedition to check the growing power of the United States and to re-establish the prestige of the Latin race, and considers that the interests of France are bound up in this double object, we do not see very clearly how he has given to these interests a sufficient satisfaction. Such a lofty mind can, of course, not be thinking of the Jecker debt alone when he speaks of interests; France has not spent millions and sacrificed thousands of her soldiers in order that a naturalized Swiss banker should get satisfaction from his Mexican creditors.

The pleasure at first experienced by the French people on hearing the Mexican paragraph of the Emperor's speech, must have been even more diminished by recurring to last year's paragraph on the same subject:

"Thus all our expeditions are drawing to an end. Our troops have evacuated China; . . . the army of Mexico already returns to France (*rentre déjà en France*); and, while shutting the temple of war, we shall, with pride, inscribe on a new triumphal arch these words: 'To the glory of the French armies for their victories in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, in America.'"

What a fine image this, and how sublime a sentence! But has the door of the Temple of Janus really been shut by the modern Augustus? If the army a year ago was leaving Mexico, we wonder where it will be a year from this day. Will it then have left Mexico, or be leaving it, or be on the eve of leaving it? Janus only knows.

The *Yellow-book* (the French name for a Blue-book) is even more modest than the Imperial speech. The Emperor's only object in going to Mexico was to obtain suitable reparations; once there, he could not refuse his support to the men who conceived the project of establishing a monarchical government, as a guarantee of order; he had no desire to make a crusade against republican institutions; the new empire once established, he was only to claim for its protection the principle of non-intervention, and then to withdraw his forces. Such is the language of the *Yellow-book*, but no undue importance ought to be attached to it, as the Emperor never considers himself bound by any words but his own, and not always by them. The real state of the case is this: the Mexican war is unpopular—unpopular in itself, unpopular on account of its evident complication with the United States. The Emperor means to get out of his difficulties as well as he can, and is willing to sacrifice Maximilian in the end; for the present he cannot, or thinks he cannot, withdraw his troops without getting from our Government the recognition of the emperor of his own choice and making. That recognition would be a screen for his vanity; it would allow him to retire from the contest; he would say to Maximilian and to the Mexican people, "I have done for you all I could; the recognition guarantees you against the only dangerous interference you have to fear, that of the American government. You must take care of the rest." His pride would be safe, if Maximilian's crown was not. There is an evident desire all through his speech to win the good graces of the American people. He speaks of Mr. Lincoln's death with as much feeling as if, during Mr. Lincoln's presidency, he had not done his best to obtain the recognition of Jefferson Davis's confederation from the governments of Europe, and as if his official press had not for three years represented Mr. Lincoln as a vulgar, coarse, ignorant tyrant, unworthy of his high position and incapable of sustaining the Union. He

no longer professes a platonic love for English liberty, but now admires American liberty. He has just discovered a certain analogy between the French and American constitutions. To be sure, in both countries the responsibility falls directly on the executive, and the ministers are not responsible. But here the responsibility of the President is real; in France this responsibility of the executive is merely theoretical. The descendants of Napoleon III., if they are ever to be emperors, will hold their throne with the same hereditary title as the Czar of Russia or the Emperor of Austria. It would be idle to show in detail how widely the functions of the executive and the legislature differ in the two countries; but above all these constitutional questions shall we not place liberty itself, which the political institutions have no other legitimate aim than to protect and to maintain? What sort of parallel can the Emperor draw between a country which enjoys the most absolute freedom and that in which he has destroyed all liberty; where twenty-nine citizens cannot hold a meeting without the permission of his police; where Prévost Paradol, a member of the French Academy, is not allowed to lecture on Molière; where no one is at liberty to issue a paper without his permission; where any paper can be suppressed at his pleasure; where a book can be seized in the bookseller's shop even before a copy has been sold?

The very flatteries of the Emperor to the United States, however sincere and timely, serve him as a pretext for refusing Frenchmen any new liberties. He alludes to ministerial responsibility, and rejects it as un-American. He is quite satisfied with the working of his system. His speech reads more like that of a philanthropist than that of an emperor; trade, agriculture, co-operative societies, etc., fill more than half of it. "L'Empire c'est la paix" is again the order of the day. The army is diminished, a diminution which amounts to a saving of twelve millions of francs a year. All is for the best in the best possible empire. France is happy, respected, "sans détenus politiques dans ses prisons, sans exilés hors de ses frontières." We wonder what Victor Hugo and Louis Blanc and Ledru Rollin, what the Orleans princes, will think of this last phrase. They are summarily put out of existence—a generous proceeding on the part of a man who was once himself an exile. The property of the Orleans family was confiscated by Napoleon III. ten years ago. Is it not strange that, in 1866, he knows nothing about that same family, and forgets its existence? "There are no exiles." What if one of these men, taking the Emperor at his word, should show himself in Paris? Can they forget the words once pronounced in the Senate by Prince Napoleon, in view of such an eventuality: "Nous les fusillerions bel et bien?" Not only are these persons exiled, but their very names are not allowed to be mentioned in the French papers; their books are confiscated, if they try to publish any; while Napoleon, in prison as well as in exile, was freely allowed to be a contributor to the "Progrès du Pas de Calais." Either his memory or his magnanimity is at fault. The world is not as ignorant as he thinks, and will give him little credit for declarations which it is too easy to refute.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE COLORED DEPUTATION.

THE interview of the President with the colored deputation last week had some curious features about it. The President spoke at some length, though, as is not uncommon with his speeches to negroes, with a good deal of repetition. He argued strongly against negro suffrage on two grounds—the one that it would irritate the poor whites horribly, and the other that the majority in every State has the right to decide in whose hands political power should be lodged. We must, however, earnestly protest against his considering himself, as he evidently does all through this reconstruction process, as the special champion and protector of the poor whites of the South, or in fact of any class in particular. The poor whites of the South have no peculiar claims on his consideration, and, whether negro suffrage be a good or a bad thing, their feeling about it is only of importance so long as it seems likely to lead to a defeat of the law. But the Chief Magistrate of the United States has no right to acknowledge that it is in the power of any class in the community to defeat the law. He has no right to reply to any class of men seeking equality of rights, that it cannot be granted because it would hurt the feelings of another class

To call this democracy an abuse of language. If it were true that the poor whites would resent the exercise of the franchise by the negroes, it would be the business of the Government to protect them in it. One of the objects, in fact the great object, of the existence of government, is to protect people in the enjoyment of rights against the attempts of their neighbors to deprive them of them. All aristocracy is based on a simple prejudice, and the great reason why every country in the world is not democratic is that a portion of the population would be annoyed by seeing the remainder sharing in the government. The negroes of the South have precisely the same claims on President Johnson's sympathy, and thoughtfulness, and regard as the poor whites—no more and no less. He may have a strong personal preference for the poor whites; he has a right to have it, and if he has it we do not blame him; but political preference he ought neither to have nor to express. He is just as much the organ or officer of the one as the other, and this in virtue of the simple fact that both are freemen, and live in the United States. Therefore, when he replied to the deputation as if he was bound to see that the poor whites, in particular, should suffer no annoyance, he wandered from the point.

Nor is the argument that the suffrage would do the negroes no good any better than the argument that their possession of it would vex their white neighbors. That is not a reason for refusing a man anything which is his due. We may think many a rich man would be better without his riches, but we never hear this brought forward as a good reason for despoiling him. Large numbers of white men who possess the franchise at the North certainly *seem* to be the worse for it, but would this justify us in disfranchising them? The true democratic theory is that every man will be sooner or later the better for sharing in the Government; that even if his belonging to the governing body does not at once improve him, its influence is educating, and will sooner or later make him worthy of it; but whether it would or would not be a good thing for him personally to have it, if he was on general grounds entitled to it, is something with which other people have nothing to do. Mr. Johnson might very well refuse to consider whether the bestowal of the franchise on the negroes would or would not benefit the negroes as a class, and direct his attention solely to the consideration of the effects of their possessing it on the nation at large; but of this he says nothing whatever. The feelings of the poor whites seem uppermost in his mind.

His next objection—that the people of each State are alone entitled to decide in whose hands the local government shall be lodged—is, with certain qualifications, a just one. But then he knows very well that this principle is limited in its operation. The people may not lodge power, for instance, in so few hands as to change the character of the Government. They have to preserve its republican form. They may not lodge power in hands that will use it against the Union; this is treason, as has been demonstrated by the war. Mr. Johnson never thought of respecting the decision of the majority in the various States when they lodged the governing power in the hands of the rebel legislatures. The great question remains still unsettled whether a part only of the people has a right to lodge it anywhere. The freed negroes are certainly part of the Southern people, in our political nomenclature, but when Mr. Johnson called the Southern people together, after the rebellion was over, to decide afresh how political power should be distributed, he expressly provided that the negroes should not be consulted. If all had been allowed to vote for the conventions which revised the existing Southern constitutions, and the majority had then decided that color ought to deprive men of the franchise, there would have been a show of fairness in the argument which he used to the deputation. But after all that has happened, it is simply a begging of the question. When he uses it against the claims of the colored men, he not only knocks them down, but kicks them for falling, a proceeding which has always been considered, though no doubt very vigorous, the acme of absurdity.

The grand secret, however, of Mr. Johnson's difficulties about the negro and his rights was revealed, unwittingly perhaps, in his address on Thursday, when, in giving his reasons for having opposed slavery, he mentioned "first the fact that it was a great monopoly," and only secondly that it was wrong in principle. No man to whom its evils present themselves in this order is likely to rea-

son rightly as to what the nation which abolished it owes to those who have been its victims. No mind to which the moral iniquity of the thing does not appear so monstrous and overwhelming that every other objection to it sinks into comparative insignificance, is ever likely to have that ardent love of liberty for its own sake which casts out all fear or misgiving, which is in all countries the best and surest foundation for statesmanship, and in a democratic country the only one. Mr. Johnson's weakness on this point is perhaps natural in a man born and bred in a slave State. But he has made prodigious advances in political education within the last five years, and we may fairly look for advances still more remarkable in the next three. It may be that the very two-sidedness of his mind may be one of the most powerful aids to perfect reconstruction.

STORMS AND EPIDEMICS.

FROM the last annual report of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, we are glad to learn that there is reason to hope for the speedy re-establishment of that organized system of simultaneous meteorological observations over the whole United States which was inaugurated as early as 1849, and which, previous to its partial interruption by the war, had done so much for the development of the science of meteorology. The method and manner in which problems so vast and so exceedingly difficult as those of the laws of storms, and of the progress of the seasons and their variability from year to year, have been attacked, and in good part mastered, by the Smithsonian Institution, are alike creditable to American science and honorable to the founder and directors of the institution. One simple item of practical fact, which has resulted from the labors in question, ought to be reiterated in the ear of every intelligent citizen, until the strange apathy or ignorance which now prevails with regard to it shall have been for ever done away with. The officers of the institution, as they sit quietly in their chairs at Washington, possess the power of predicting, sometimes a day or two in advance, the approach of great storms, and of spells of severe cold weather—in a word, of foretelling the advent of any of the larger disturbances to which the atmosphere is subject.

In view of the many advantages which would accrue to commerce, and of the great comfort and convenience which would result to the general public, if there were to be adopted some system of regularly foretelling the weather in the daily prints, it seems hardly credible that no society of merchants or underwriters has as yet arisen to take the matter in charge, or that the Associated Press, or even Congress, have so long abstained from making a systematic use of the materials which are in the possession of the institution and at the free disposal of every one. It would be no very difficult task to impart in each of our cities such information of the coming storm or cold as would prevent the shipment or exposure of perishable merchandise, the premature uncovering of buildings, the unseasonable journeying of invalids or of persons in pursuit of pleasure. It would be a comparatively easy matter to give warning, by hoisting signal-balls by day or by flashing fire by night, at the capes of the Chesapeake or the Delaware, at Sandy Hook, Cape Cod, and Cape Sable, along the Sound and at the Vineyard, and at every appropriate promontory along the Atlantic sea-board, of the coming of the great north-east snow-storms which periodically line our coast with wrecks, and to indicate to all inward-bound vessels that it would be well for them to make an offing at once, or else run for an anchorage under the nearest hook or in the next best hole, there to hold on until the almost inevitable north-wester shall come up to succeed the snow.

But in illustrating as they do most forcibly the value of united and concerted action in scientific research, the meteorological results attained by the Smithsonian have a far higher significance than would appear from the considerations just now alluded to. They show us upon a higher level the transcendent efficiency of a skilfully organized, well equipped, and thoroughly disciplined regiment, as contrasted with an equal number of isolated malcontents, or guerrillas, working always at cross purposes, often quarrelling among themselves, and of little or no use in war, excepting when employed as auxiliaries to regular troops. The chemist Dalton, after long and laborious study of meteorological

matters, is reported to have exclaimed in despair: "In this thing there is no law!" Considering his stand-point, as one man upon that little island which, according to observations of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, if stirred into the Mississippi at Natchez would all be handsomely settled out between that and the Balize, we can but sympathize with Dalton in his despair and admit that his conclusion appears to have been correctly drawn from the premises. But his exclamation is in strange contrast with the attitude of modern science. We quote from Prof. Henry's report:

"Meteorology has ceased to be a mere record of isolated facts. The special characteristic of modern efforts in this line consists in extended co-operation, and in determining the simultaneous condition of the atmosphere over extended regions of country. It is only by this means that the laws which govern the occurrence, motion, direction, and propagation of the disturbances of the atmosphere can be ascertained. By comparisons of this kind isolated observations of otherwise little value become important, and afford an ample field in the cultivation of which any person who will take the trouble to record the direction of the wind, the beginning and ending of rain, snow, hail, the time of blossoming of trees, appearance of birds, insects, etc., may render valuable services." . . . "The advantages possessed by the Smithsonian Institution for investigations of this kind will be evident when it is recollected that a large portion of its observers are stationed west of Washington, that the phenomena approach us over a large extent of land, and can be critically noted through every part of their passage eastward, while the phenomena which are presented to the meteorologists of Europe traverse in reaching them a wide expanse of ocean, from which only casual observations can be gleaned." . . . "No other part of the world has offered such facilities for the collection of meteorological data, the system extending over so large a portion of the earth's surface; the observers, with few exceptions, all speaking the same language, and many of them being furnished with full sets of compared standard instruments."

In regarding this admirable system, the question is at once suggested, Why has not something similar been adopted in many other departments of science besides that of meteorology? We have, for example, as a parallel to the effort of Dalton, the following extract from the writings of the famous Doctor Sydenham. He says:

"I have carefully examined the different constitutions of different years as to the manifest qualities of the air, yet I must own I have hitherto made no progress, having found that years, perfectly agreeing as to their temperature and other sensible properties, have produced very different tribes of diseases, and *vice versa*. The matter seems to stand thus: There are certain constitutions of years that owe their origin neither to heat, cold, dryness, nor moisture, but upon a certain secret and inexplicable alteration in the bowels of the earth, whence the air becomes impregnated with such kinds of effluvia as subject the human body to distempers of a certain specific type."

In these days of approaching cholera and cattle-plague Sydenham would find no lack of adherents to his doctrine of the "certain secret alteration." We should now say that diseases like the cholera and Rinderpest probably depend upon cosmical and infrequent causes, and not immediately upon local and constantly recurring causes, though there is nothing which would lead us to suppose, with Sydenham, that this "alteration" is "inexplicable." So far from this, we cannot help believing that a comparatively small amount of concerted action around a definite rallying point, such as the Smithsonian Institution has proved itself to be in the matter of meteorology, would be sufficient to bring order out of the chaos of medical information which has already been collected by individuals and local associations throughout the length and breadth of the land, and to explain many points with regard to the transmission and communication of disease which are now shrouded in obscurity. We would invite the attention of that profession, the members of which have in all ages shown themselves ready to advance the cause of science and of humanity by word and deed, by time and by money, to the question, whether there could not be raised, by subscription among the physicians of the country, if in no better way, a fund sufficient to support—in connection, perhaps, with the Smithsonian Institution—a competent permanent secretary, who should do for the laws of disease what Prof. Henry and his assistants have done for the law of storms, and Prof. Baird and his coadjutors for the natural history of our country.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REBELLION.

It has been remarked by Montesquieu that it was victory alone that decided whether "Punic faith" or "Roman" should become the proverb of the world. There are people who affect to believe, many who no doubt sincerely believe, that the judgment of posterity concerning the late controversy between North and South would have been reversed if

the Confederate battalions had outweighed the Federal. We mean such is the notion of a large and even respectable number of foreigners. The people of the South themselves, we need hardly say, are all of this way of thinking, and for our part we do not care to disturb them in it. Let them, if they choose, look forward to that epoch of retributive justice, when, as in a German print we once saw, the wood-sawyer and the tree change places. If the present generation shall die before that time, no one meanwhile ought to grudge them the consoling illusion.

We observe in a Texas newspaper a spirited exhortation to the citizens of that State not to suffer the history of the war to be written by their victorious adversaries alone, or from the materials furnished by the latter. Scarcely, it is affirmed, have their statements "done us justice in regard to a single battle." Leave the whole matter to the Federals, and "we may expect nothing but a complete self-justification on their part, and to have the responsibility of the four years of bloodshed and suffering thrust upon ourselves." It is shown how this misrepresentation may be avoided by a little pains in collecting and preserving facts; how the captain might write the history of his company, and the colonel the history of his regiment; how the ladies might form societies in aid of this laudable undertaking, reserving, if they please, the brightest pages for a "faithful transcript of their own noble actions;" and how this one yielding of his memory, and that one of his documents, the honorable tale would grow apace, until, each county having rendered in its account, the whole should be bound with tape and deposited in the State archives, there to await the impartial historian of the future to which we have alluded.

Far be it from us to call this industry misdirected, or to protest against it. We do, indeed, attach a peculiar infamy to rebellion and treason in the interest of slavery, and we should have been more than pleased if the South had manifested a disposition to forget its high crime and misdemeanor. We must, nevertheless, acknowledge that its present mood is a better guaranty that we shall some day have a veritable history of the recent struggle. However reputations may suffer, or theories be affected, on either side, it is of the highest importance that mankind should have the exactest information of what occurred in these past four years—what occurred, and why it occurred—what were the issues and how many were decided, and what were the lessons of each and all. It is superfluous to assert that nothing of the sort can be accomplished without a fair amount of frankness on the part both of conquerors and vanquished, but especially of the latter. For it cannot be merely prejudice to conceive that they would have of the two the greater reluctance to be unreserved. They were incontestably engaged in a conspiracy whose origin antedated many years its violent outbreak, and which yet was sought to be invested, for outside effect, with an air of spontaneity. South Carolina's revelations, to be honest, must begin at least thirty years before her ordinance of secession. However righteous the plot to take possession of this Government, it has never been distinctly avowed in all its length of duration and breadth of purpose, and it is safe to say it never will be. We shall be only too thankful if the South will unlock her secrets. Hitherto the rebel archives have been admirably concealed from loyal researches. Dr. Lieber presides over a parcel of rubbish at Washington; there have been various captures from time to time of "invaluable papers;" but we do not penetrate the rebellion to the core. Shall we ever?

If we cannot obtain an *exposé* of motives, let us have military statistics, and be thankful for them. Ask Mr. Secretary Stanton how many Confederates under Lee confronted and overwhelmed McClellan, Burnside, Hooker; how many disputed with Grant the passage from the Wilderness to Richmond. He will not tell you—the facts would be humiliating; perhaps he is not able. Then welcome the Southern historians. Already Early and Sheridan are renewing their little differences, and this time, with that backwoods indifference which characterizes the seeker after truth, we do not care which whips. Gen. Jordan found a Northern vehicle and a Northern audience for his views on the probable fate of the Confederacy if Jefferson Davis could have been laid on the shelf. Pollard has written history from a Southern point of view, and threatens to write more if his life is spared; to which end we advise his continuing to assail only unarmed newspaper correspondents. The ex-President himself may possibly indulge either in a confession or a vindication, and the opening of his lips

would remove the scruples of many who are dumb while he is in peril of his life.

In bidding these historians of every degree to the witness-stand, we cannot deceive them by pretending that our credence will be equal to our satisfaction in seeing them appear. We shall listen respectfully to their statements and arguments, without, however, expecting to place entire faith in them. They shall be treated as we are willing they should treat the freedmen in their courts; we will not exclude them from a hearing, but we shall exercise the right of sifting their evidence. It would be presuming too much on Southern equanimity to request that they shall receive our histories as gladly and freely as we shall receive theirs; and that any one of their fellow-citizens who may happen to conclude, after balancing the sheet, that the credit is on our side and the debit on theirs, may be unmolested in his opinion and in the expression of it, nor be denounced as low-minded, unchivalrous, unpatriotic, and be chased from the community or lynched instantler.

CONVICT LABOR.

SEC. 1. No male convict who shall hereafter be sentenced to imprisonment in either of the State Prisons of this State, shall be permitted to work therein at any other mechanical trade than that which, as shall appear by the certificate of the clerk of the court in which he shall be convicted, such convict shall have learned and practised previous to his conviction, except that the convicts at Sing Sing may be employed in the cutting and manufacture of stone, and the convicts at Clinton in the manufacture of iron from the ore, and except also that convicts may be employed in such branches of manufacture as are not elsewhere carried on in the State of New York.

Mr. Brandreth, of Westchester, who seems to have made himself the especial champion of laboring men, spoke at length in favor of the bill. The great argument for the foregoing section is that convicts who have learned other trades are put at work under contractors or iron moulders; and, after serving out two or three years' time, compete with journeymen who have served a regular apprenticeship to the trade. It is urged that the State should not bring its prison labor into dangerous competition with honest industry. Progress was reported on the bill, which will probably pass.—*Albany Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.*

The majority of convicts are thieves of various degrees of demerit; men who prefer preying upon the labor of others to working for a living themselves. The State seizes them and shuts them up, not merely to punish and prevent crime, we are told, but to reform the criminal, and dismiss him at the end of his term a useful, or at least a harmless, member of society. How can this be accomplished unless the criminal is made to work, and is taught some kind of mechanical labor by which he can earn his livelihood in the outside world without too much difficulty; for his antecedents will always place him in a worse position than that of others seeking for employment? Mr. Brandreth might object to religious teaching in Sing Sing just as reasonably, because it might bring conscientious and pious prison labor "into dangerous competition with honest industry." But in spite of Mr. Brandreth, it can hardly be denied that it is the duty of the State to give the convict every chance of reform. Let him be taught both to work and to pray; and particularly to work—even if it should be true that a few individuals might lose something by his gain.

It will be answered: "There are the iron mines and the stone quarries; let the prisoners work in them." Unless miners and quarrymen have not the same right to protection as other workmen, which Mr. Brandreth is not likely to assert, it is evident either that there are comparatively few mines and quarries in the State, or that this kind of labor is not considered an attractive way of earning one's bread. Indeed, we all know that it is a very hard way. "Condemned to the mines" was long a punishment, and has almost become a proverb. How many of the eight hundred convicts of Sing Sing, if turned out upon the world, hampered by their past, and beset by temptation, would find a life in the mines a sufficient inducement to good conduct—even if it were possible for them to seek out the remote places where this kind of work is carried on? And we may add that not more than half of the eight hundred have the physical ability to get their living in this way.

"Then let the prisoners be employed at the trade they have learned and practised previous to their conviction." But many of them have never learned a trade, or, having learned it in early life, have long ceased to practise it and have forgotten it. It is the dislike to steady work that leads them to jail. This is the moral malady to be cured.

The mechanic has no right to complain that prisoners compete with him. So do his neighbors who carry on the same business. The whole community would rejoice if there were no convicts in Sing Sing; but, instead, eight hundred honest men working hard for wages, and competing with him. That would be a model state of society. Unluckily, the eight hundred are incarcerated because they preferred forcing honest men to support them. Why should not the State, then, make them do their duty, and repair by their labor the damage they have caused, and not run up an additional bill of expenses?

When the convict leaves the public institution, he will either be honest and work, or he will not. If he is honest and industrious, we have succeeded in our object—reform; society is the gainer; there is one more producer to add to the public prosperity. If he relapses into crime, the mechanic will have no competition to complain of. But his loss will be far greater than if he had a dozen competitors. A rogue or ruffian at large preys upon the labor of working-men. They are the class that suffer. The rich man's loss is a trifle, and he is able to take care of himself.

This is by no means the first time that a bill to this effect has been presented to the Legislature. It is protection carried to an absurd and selfish extent. Stated simply, it amounts to this: All the inhabitants of this State shall be taxed to support convicts, because if convicts are made to support themselves, a few mechanics outside of the prison walls may possibly receive lower wages. The selfishness and absurdity of the proposition are inversely as the number of mechanics interested is to the whole population of the State. We say "may possibly receive lower wages" advisedly; for the amount of any article furnished by prison labor is so small when compared with the total product of the community as to be of little account. But if the facts were otherwise, it would make no difference in the principle. There is no reason why a thousand farmers should be taxed to help one mechanic, and there are many unanswerable reasons why prisoners should be taught to labor intelligently, effectively, and to pay their own expenses.

MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.

THE distinguished man who died in Turin, on the 15th of January, was akin in universality of mind to the great Italians of other times, to Dante, to Leonardo da Vinci, to Buonarrotti, to Galileo; and it would be hard to say whether Italy has most to mourn the statesman, poet, or painter in the loss of the Marquis Massimo Taparelli d'Azeglio. To recount fully the story of his life would be to rehearse the political annals of Italy during the last twenty-five years, to describe the rise of the romantic school in literature, and to enter upon the discussion of modern Italian art. It is by no means necessary to do this here; and no doubt most of our readers will be satisfied with such a sketch of the career now ended as shall place within the range of actual knowledge the facts of a life already vaguely known in its three-fold claim upon their interest.

Massimo d'Azeglio was born at Turin in 1801, when French domination had succeeded the misrule of the Piedmontese princes. His father was a general officer of the Piedmontese army, and his blood was of the noblest and best in the always aristocratic little kingdom. It was the boy's good fortune to be taken to Florence, where the first seven years of his life were spent, and where he learned, what was impossible in Turin, pure Italian speech and manners not provincial. How detestable were the accent and ideas of his native city at that time, we have all been told by Alfieri, and it is said that d'Azeglio, who had been treated like any other idle urchin in Florence (*come un birichino qualunque*), was astounded at the immense bows and sounding titles with which he was received in Turin. He never outlived the liberal notions early imbibed in the Tuscan capital, and his religion was of no severer quality than his politics. He tells how, in his fourteenth year, the priest who acted as his tutor punished him for some offence by the infliction of a pretended excommunication from the Bishop of Turin, and how heartily he enjoyed his exclusion from the functions of the church, and especially the use of his rosary, which had always bored him.

The ancient rulers of Piedmont came into their own again, after Napoleon's fall, and young d'Azeglio became one of the king's guard; but his father being sent to Rome to congratulate Pius VII. on his return, his mother begged the general to take "that unmanageable boy" with him, and to Rome he went, and saw all those wonders of the old and new civilization, and became more and more Italian, and less and less Piedmontese.

After the embassy was concluded, he returned to Turin with his father,

and there entered upon a course of severe and earnest study. He learnt many things, but chiefly that he was meant by destiny to be a painter. His father scarcely agreed with him on this point; he told him he might go back to Rome and lead his artist life, if he would, but he must expect for his full support no more than the pocket-money he would receive in Turin. D'Azeglio went very gladly, and spent the happiest days of his life in the world's capital. He gives a delightful account of it all in some sketches which he contributed to a friend's journal. He was full of health and hope and good humor, and he enjoyed everything. He loved the adventure and vagabondage of the life, and one does not esteem the statesman less because the student played wild pranks. He tells how one day he went into the country with two comrades and bargained to paint an altar-piece for a dinner, and how they all set to work upon it, painting each as the muse inspired, without regard to one another's labors. D'Azeglio did a sea with certain galleys on it; one friend painted a group of pines and some sheep feeding in a meadow; and the other depicted a line of palaces with the cupola of St. Peter's in the background. Their patron was charmed, and dined them like princes. This jolly life of painter was once interrupted by a summons to appear before the Governor of Rome under suspicion of political conspiracy. There was nothing whatever to inculpate D'Azeglio, and the governor, ashamed, made him excuses: "Cavalier, I am sorry; these are unpleasant things; but what would you? What can we do? *Austria compels us*—the Duke of Modena sends us notes—you know—we cannot do otherwise. *They are stronger than we!*" "The Governor of Rome," says d'Azeglio, "taught me to blush for my country."

In time he went back to Turin, where people believed him a great painter. He was too wise, it seems, ever to fall into this delusion himself, after the flush of youthful aspiration had passed away, although he continued to paint great numbers of pictures, and sold them not only in Italy but in Paris and London. He relates very pleasantly how he followed to the French capital three pictures which he had sent thither for exhibition, and how he was induced by his friends to cultivate the acquaintance of a journalist, for criticism's sake, although the search for this sort of protection was made against his own good sense. When the journalist's opinion appeared, d'Azeglio found it brief and pointed: "Whoever would see how far facility can go should look at the pictures of M. d'Azeglio." "The journalist," says d'Azeglio, "was right in his way, and I in mine; we made peace and were better friends than ever." It is probable that the critic was right; but the pictures were sold to the Duke of Devonshire, and are now in his house in Scotland. Many of d'Azeglio's paintings were taken to Milan, whither the painter himself at last went. The Italian connoisseurs admired them for their heroic size, the poetic character of their subjects, and their bold and ardent manner; and compared him to Claude and to Rosa.

In Milan he lived from 1831 to 1841, painting pictures and getting fame and money. He had married the daughter of Manzoni, the great author of "I Promessi Sposi," and he formed part of the brilliant literary circle of Milan, for he had already published his "Ettore Fieramosca," and had commenced his "Nicolò de' Lapi." Of these two romances the latter has by far the largest popularity in Italy, and must be praised as one of the best historical novels in any language. Indeed, it seems to us that d'Azeglio's chances of remembrance rest rather with this romance than with his heroic pictures, or his political acts. Dealing with the same period of Florentine history as Guerrazzi, in his "Assedio di Firenze," d'Azeglio turns to more purely artistic account the incidents of the famous and lamentable siege which restored the Medici to Florence; and while he interests us scarcely less than Guerrazzi in the fate of the city, he interests us far more in the fortunes of the individual characters. The hero of Guerrazzi's book is the people of Florence, as Marc-Monnier acutely observes; and in choosing a hero of this collective grandeur, the author is unable to centre our interest upon anything but the political destiny of a state. D'Azeglio's hero, Nicolò de' Lapi, is himself bound up in the fortunes of Florence, but a patriot must naturally be more interesting than patriotism, especially a patriot of the stalwart virtue and unselfish pride of Nicolò. Few figures in romance are so grand as his, and it is pleasant to know that its proportions are not exaggerated in the fiction, for Nicolò shows not less noble in history. Grouped around this central character, subordinately as they would have been in the man's household, are the other persons of the romance, whose fate is almost as inseparably as his united to that of Florence; his sons, the brave, strong, obedient warriors; his friends, the gentle Dominican friar, and the austere, religious magistrates of the city; his daughters, one clandestinely wedded to the traitor who betrays the city, and the other betrothed to the faithful and high-hearted Lamberto; Fanfulla, ex-scape-gallows, ex-condottiere, ex-friar, true friend and fearless soldier, and one of the most enjoyable and original creations of fiction. The story is episodic, and its best interest is the study

it affords of the old Florentine life and character. In Nicolò we behold a Puritan of Cromwell's days, full of faith in God and country, upright, stern, and strong, cherishing the memory and prophecies of Savonarola to the end, and dying grandly on the scaffold. His household, also, is Puritan, and there dwells the rigorous spirit as unmistakably as ever it dwelt in any New England household. In Florence we see a city sustaining itself against a long and cruel siege by force of popular virtue, and so strongly grounded in its own sense of right that the banded wrong of half Europe hardly sufficed to shake it. Without the wall lies the camp of the besiegers, the motley hosts of the empire, Spaniard and German, Catholic and Lutheran, full of riot, ambition, intrigue, cruelty, and corruption. In this siege of Florence the evil was matched against good, and triumphed, as evil will now and then in this world, and the salvation of Italy was postponed three centuries. "Nicolò de' Lapi" is a very sad book, for, though not all the characters come to sad ends, though virtue is rewarded and vice punished as far as the author can contrive without violating history, yet Florence falls, and the reader's heart sinks with it.

The story is told with an exquisite grace, with a pathos often relieved by graceful and quiet humor, and with unflinching good sense and good principle. The author, in suggesting the relation of events to the destiny of his country, has a sharp irony and sarcasm for her oppressors, and a tenderness for herself, all the pleasanter for never being suffered to find that bolder expression which would have constituted a political crime in the days when the book was written. At times d'Azeglio has the touch of Cervantes, and his humor is like the Spaniard's, especially in those passages relating to Fanfulla. We think that the manner of the poor old *condottiere's* end is one of the finest things in literature, when considered in relation to his life of battles and repentances; and we relish exceedingly the German *Landsknecht's* manner of confessing; how Fanfulla, desiring to do penance, procured him to deal him certain blows, which, being given with too great fervor, brought on the fight ending in Fanfulla's death. Perhaps the most touching and original effect of the book lies in the character of the poor soul, Selvaggia: a woman born to infamy, in the rude camp-life of those embattled days, and who, following in the train of Giovanni de' Medici, falls in love with his young lieutenant Lamberto. He seems to deride her passion, and she devotes her life to revenge; but in the supreme moment of retribution she relents, saves his life, and knows her sole happiness in his union with the daughter of Nicolò.

D'Azeglio was never concerned in the plots of the *carbonari* for the liberation of Italy; but in 1844 he left Milan, and took up his home on the highway, as he says. His mission was to visit patriots in different parts of Italy, and to endeavor to bring about that state of things which ripened into revolution in 1848, and resulted in the temporary expulsion of the tyrants and the establishment of short-lived republics. The dream of Italian patriots up to this time was of an Italy united under the Pope; but this dream was rudely dispelled when Pius IX. abandoned the popular cause. One by one the patriotic governments fell before the reaction—Rome, Lombardy, Venice—and for a time all hope was extinguished in that disastrous battle of Novara, where the Piedmontese were beaten by the Austrians, and Carlo Alberto abdicated in favor of his son, Victor Emanuel. D'Azeglio had taken part in the fighting, and had been wounded at the battle of Vicenza, and he was now called to the far more difficult task of shaping the policy which was to preserve life and liberty to Piedmont. On the one hand, treaties were to be made with Austria, and on the other the republican elements of Piedmont—most violent in Genoa—were to be tranquillized. D'Azeglio, as prime minister of the young king, succeeded in not only quelling the Genoese, but in persuading his countrymen to acquiesce in the treaty ratifying the defeat of Novara; and by skillfully temporizing with the enemies of peace without and within, he restored the kingdom to security and quiet. To him was due in a great measure the preservation of the only constitution of the many granted in 1848, and his Fabian policy was the only real hope of Italy. The press remained free in Piedmont, and the inviolability of political asylum was maintained. Patriots were attracted from all parts of the peninsula to Turin, and that sentiment of national unity created which, when Cavour came to relieve d'Azeglio, was made foundation of the new Italian kingdom. D'Azeglio's administration had the defects of passivity: liberty was not its own excuse for being anywhere, in the eyes of reactionary and Imperial France, and the Piedmontese minister's dispatches to Paris were full of excuses for it. At last, after the attempt of Orsini upon Louis Napoleon's life, d'Azeglio felt constrained to propose a law repressive of injurious language against foreign sovereigns. "It was a necessity," says Signor Camerini, the writer to whom we are indebted for our biographical information concerning d'Azeglio, "a sacrifice to the infernal gods, that they might not harm us. Lord Palmerston, after the

Orsini attempt, had condescended to devise means for protecting the Imperial life and good name, and the press had beaten him. But England could have even the liberty of insult, Piedmont hardly liberty at all." It was d'Azeglio's great error; he had at last carried his temporization too far, and he fell under the load. Cavour withdrew from his ministry; d'Azeglio formed another cabinet without Cavour, and then, yielding to fortune, retired from his place, which Cavour immediately took.

D'Azeglio, after the fall of his ministry, was sent to England on a special embassy, and he held a public office in Milan when the new kingdom was formed. Withdrawing, finally, from this trust, he spent the greater part of his last years in that pleasant Tuscan capital which he loved so well, with no other labor to employ him but the preparation of his memoirs, which he has left only half completed. These will, no doubt, add greatly to the riches of a literature already opulent in autobiography, and will form a most precious contribution to the history of the most important events of our time.

The immediate cause of the Marquis d'Azeglio's death was a fever taken by remaining too late in the season at his villa near Turin. He aggravated the disorder, after returning to the city, by writing constantly on his memoirs, but his case was not considered alarming until within a week before his death. A few days later he was visited by the Prince of Carignano and the Admiral Persano, whom he recognized, saying, "Thanks, thanks! I have been a faithful servant to the house of Savoy." Others of the great and noble from every part of Italy came to take leave of him, and although suffering acutely, he received all graciously, and was in such perfect possession of his faculties as to be able to speak to each in the dialect of his province.

It is related that one morning, shortly before his death, he heard the rehearsal of music for a mass in a chapel near his house, and observed quietly: "They are preparing for me the music of the mass; very well! It is beautiful and well done." Among his latest words were: "*Non posso far niente per l'Italia!*" (I can do nothing more for Italy.) He might rest, having given his whole life to her glory.

THE LIMITS OF THE IMPROBABLE IN FICTION.

NOTHING is easier in the opinion of many *littérateurs* than to criticize a novel. Few things are in reality more difficult. We really believe that Grote's Plato, Mill on Hamilton, Anybody on the Steam-engine, Brillat-Savarin on the Philosophy of Grub, Science, History, Philosophy, what you will, are easier to appreciate and discuss *properly* than even a fair second-class tale or romance. The reason lies in the essential character, the *differentia*, of the novel. It is fictitious, avowedly in most cases, really in all, yet it must resemble truth. In some species there need be less of this resemblance than in others; a romance, to take an obvious case, has more license than a novel of manners; but verisimilitude cannot be altogether dispensed with. Even when the characters belong wholly or in part to an imaginary class of beings, there must be a conventional probability. A fairy tale must have a certain "keeping" if it would avoid being sheer burlesque or sheer nonsense.

Now, at the very first step we take, as soon as we ask what is natural or unnatural, probable or improbable, in a given situation of certain characters, we are involved in an almost boundless field of speculation. Suppose, for instance, your friend Smith says to you *apropos* of the last novel in vogue, "I don't think the hero in his affair with So-and-so behaves exactly as a gentleman ought to." You disagree with him. Here are the materials for an immense discussion at once. What your standard of a gentleman is, whether the English, or the Continental, or the American, or neither, but some ideal compounded of them all; what the standard finally agreed on would require of a gentleman in that particular contingency; how far it is probable that a gentleman would deviate from the standard under certain provocations and temptations, and how far he would be permitted to do so without forfeiting his character as a gentleman; what has been the conduct of gentlemen in similar or analogous circumstances, etc., etc., almost *ad infinitum*. Or take a purely physical, matter-of-fact question. You say, "The hero rides his horse so many miles; any horse ought to have dropped long before. When the horse does break down, he proceeds a-foot, and, after a long run, climbs a wall which would puzzle a professed gymnast." Then Smith, who is well up in equestrian and pedestrian statistics, quotes *Bell's Life* or *Pierce Egan* to prove that horses have carried men a greater distance in less time, and men have surmounted greater obstacles. You perhaps rejoin that the horses were regularly trained, and the men Indians or Borderers, whereas, etc., etc. To which again Smith, "But under pressure of strong excitement," etc., etc.; thus you may keep bandying the question

back and forward half an hour. As to the naturalness and probability of certain representations of manners and society, the field, of controversy is equally fertile. Are Balzac's novels correct pictures of French life or are they utterly extravagant and imaginary? Are such books as "Wuthering Heights" and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall" gross caricatures of Yorkshire or slightly exaggerated sketches? The discrepancies in the accounts of countries by different travellers show that having gone over the ground is no sure criterion of accuracy in narratives professing to be veracious. When the very facts are so difficult to determine, how much more puzzled must we be with the inferences!

Some critics think they have found a very general solution in human nature, "which is the same everywhere and in all ages." But this guide will not lead us into particulars. There are broad motives at work all over the world—love, avarice, ambition, and the like—but all their details are so modified by a thousand influences of law and government, custom and tradition, that they no more help you to determine how certain persons will act under certain circumstances than the knowledge that all men require food will help you in deciding whether a particular people (say the Chinese) really eat rats. Can an American understand why an Englishman objects to another Englishman's marrying his deceased wife's sister? Can an Englishman understand how a certain kind of sensation newspaper has attained its circulation among respectable and even religious Americans? Can you make a Frenchman understand how the most frightful consequences do not result from allowing Anglo-Saxon young ladies to "wander at their own sweet will?" Human nature does not manifest itself in the same way everywhere, whatever its potentialities may be; and as to the difference of its manifestations in different ages, any historical knowledge beyond the most superficial will settle that point. Even the proposition that human nature is the same in the same age and country must be taken with qualifications, as we shall see.

There is a strong tendency in the best English journals and reviews (shared by such of our own periodicals as have any coherent ideas on the subject of criticism) to condemn the incidents of a novel as physically or morally impossible according to some very limited standard of the critic's own, standards which, if carried out rigorously, would render all fiction, except what we may call the Dutch school, impossible, and confine us to a vista bounded at one end by Miss Austen and Anthony Trollope, at the other by the "Pamplighter" and all those works which Charles Kingsley relegates to the purgatory of stupid books.

This tendency was strikingly exemplified a few years ago on the appearance of "Les Misérables," a production sufficiently open to criticism. Nothing could be weaker than its pseudo-philosophical speculations on government and society, at which Louis Napoleon must have laughed in his sleeve to see his own rule strengthened by the self-exposed of his brilliant and bitter enemy. But the magnificent romance, so independent of the speculative rubbish that all the latter might easily have been eliminated from it, was generally approached by its reviewers in the spirit of very small mice nibbling around a very large cheese. They saw in it all manner of improbabilities. How could Jean Valjean climb a garden-wall with a child on his back? How could he elude the vigilance of the police? Why did Fantine, who had walked from Paris, never think of walking back to look after her child instead of trusting to the reports of the Thenardiers? And so on *ad nauseam*.

Now, if these English reviewers had but looked back to the current history of their own country, they might easily have found events as abnormal and startling as any of the incidents in Hugo's book. There was the unfathomable mystery of the Waterloo Bridge murder—if murder it was—with its carpet-bag of mangled remains. There was the attempted assassination of officer Murray by usurer Roberts, a crime which moved half the newspapers and magazines to exclaim: "If this had been represented in fiction, how we should have cried out against its monstrous improbability." If hair-breadth escapes were required, there was no need to go back to Jack Sheppard's prison-breaking or the well-authenticated case of the man who had a gig-shaft run through him and lived thirty years after. The officer was then living—and for aught we know is still—who rode over a precipice more than a hundred feet high, breaking every bone in his horse's body, but escaping himself without serious or permanent injury. So much for English life. Let us look a moment nearer home. Suppose some novelist of our own had, previous to any of those occurrences, introduced to his readers a Burdell-Cunningham murder or one of those *causes célèbres* which so recently scandalized—or ought to have scandalized—our public, should we not have cried *haro!* on him as a social, if not a national, libeller? In short, whether we look at physical or moral phenomena, or at combinations of both, the more we consult history and experience, the more must we be impressed with the

truth of the adage, *Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*. Why, then, blame the novelist for introducing improbabilities which are so often actualities? Do we expect fiction to be more natural than nature herself? Probably the error springs from a confusion of ideas, clumsy enough, yet easily fallen into.

There is a class of novels, already referred to, of which Miss Austen used to be, and Mr. Trollope bids fair to become, the type. They are novels of manners, *romans de société*, and their whole value depends on their fidelity to the everyday life which they represent. They may have an elaborate and artistic plot; they do not exclude striking situations; but the plot and the situations are secondary matters. In such works abnormal events have no place. They represent everyday life, and not only are extraordinary accidents repugnant to their character, but the most trivial error or incongruity in petty details is fatal to their pretensions. If, for instance, in a story of American life, a young gentleman and lady not betrothed or related were represented walking down the Fifth Avenue *arm-in-arm*, this slight inaccuracy would be sufficient to condemn the book at once.

But a romancer, a writer like Hugo or Dickens or Reade, not only has liberty to make use of the abnormal and improbable, but may be said to possess this as his peculiar province. His dealings with everyday routine are only episodic, by way of relief. The romantic, in other words, the unusual, is his staple.

Is there, then, no limit to his license? Certainly there is; but only the impossible, the absurd, and the indubitably false are on the further side of it. Sue's "Juif Errant" overstepped the *certos fines* because it was a tissue of monstrous absurdities. The whole story of the treasure which furnished the motive of action was, from beginning to end, in its final destruction as well as its long preservation, not improbable but impossible. Again, it should not be allowable for the novelist to arrange the laws of his country according to his own vague ideas of them, although half the recent English writers of fiction, from Dickens down to Mrs. Wood and lower, seem to consider themselves above law, as the old German potentate was above grammar.

With such exceptions, and provided he preserves that consistency and individuality which will render his characters lifelike, we think the romancer should have full swing in his romance, and his readers should modify the old theological dogma just a little, and believe, or, at any rate, read, because it is improbable.

MEN AND MANNERS ON THE WAY FROM FERRARA TO GENOA.

I.

IN our visits to the different churches in Ferrara we noticed devotion in classes of people who are devout nowhere else in Italy. Not only came solid-looking business men to say their prayers, but gay young dandies, who knelt and repeated their orisons and then rose and went seriously out. In Venice they would have posted themselves against a pillar, sucked the heads of their sticks, and made eyes at the young ladies kneeling near them. This degree of religion was all the more remarkable in Ferrara, because that city had been so many years under the Pope, and His Holiness contrives commonly to prevent the appearance of religion in young men throughout his dominions.

Valery speaks of the delightful society which he met in the grey old town; and it is said that Ferrara has an unusual share of culture in her wealthy class, which is large. With such memories of learning and literary splendor as belong to her, it would be strange if she did not in some form keep alive the sacred flame. But, though there may be refinement and erudition in Ferrara, she has given no great name to modern Italian literature. Her men of letters seem to be of that race of grubs singularly abundant in Italy: men who dig out of archives and libraries some topic of special and momentary interest and print it, unstudied and unphilosophized. Their books are material, not literature, and it is marvellous how many of them are published. A writer on any given subject can heap together from them a mass of fact and anecdote invaluable in its way; but it is a mass without life or light, and must be vivified by him who uses it before it can serve the world, which does not care for its dead local value. It remains to be seen whether the free speech and free press of Italy can re-awaken the intellectual activity of the cities which once gave the land so many literary capitals.

What numbers of people used to write verses in Ferrara! By operation of the principle which causes things concerning whatever subject you happen to be interested in to turn up in every direction, I found a volume of these dead-and-gone immortals at a book-stall, one day, in Venice. It is a

deliciously yellow and uncomfortable volume of the year 1703, printed all in italics. I suppose there are two hundred odd rhymers selected from in that book, and how droll the most of them are, with their unmistakable traces of descent from Ariosto, Tasso, and Guarini! What acres of enamelled meadow there are in the volume! There are purling brooks enough to turn all the mills in the world. I should say some thousands of nymphs are constantly engaged in weaving garlands there, and the swains keep such a piping on those familiar notes—*Amore, dolore, crudele, and miele*. Poor little poets! they knew no other tunes. Just as now, weak voices twitter from a hundred books, in unconscious imitation of the hour's great singers.

II.

I think some of the pleasantest people in Italy are the army-gentlemen. There is the race's gentleness in their ways, in spite of their ferocious trade, and an American freedom of style. They brag in a manner that makes one feel at home, immediately; and met in travel, they are ready to render any little kindness.

The other year at Reggio (which is not far from Modena), we stopped to dine at a restaurant where the whole garrison had its coat off and was playing billiards, with the exception of one or two officers, who were dining. They rose and bowed as we entered their room, and when the waiter pretended that such and such dishes were out (in Italy the waiter, for some mysterious reason, always pretends that the best dishes are out), they bullied him for the honor of Italy, and made him bring them to us. Indeed, I am afraid his life was sadly harassed by those brave men. We were in deep despair at finding no French bread, and the waiter swore with the utmost pathos that there was none; but as soon as his back was turned, a tightly-laced little captain rose and began to forage for the bread. He opened every drawer and cupboard in the room, and finding none, invaded another room, captured several loaves from the plates laid there, and brought them back in triumph, presenting them to us amid the applause of his comrades. The dismay of the waiter, on his return, was speechless.

Three officers, who dined with us at the *table d'hôte* of the *Stella d'Oro* in Ferrara (and excellent dinners were those we ate there), were visibly anxious to address us, and began not uncivilly, but still in order that we should hear, to speculate on our nationality among themselves. It appeared that we were Germans; for one of these officers, who had formerly been in the Austrian service at Vienna, recognized the word *bitter* in our remarks on the *beccafichi*. As I did not care to put these fine fellows to the trouble of hating us for others' faults, I made bold to say that we were not Germans, and to add that *bitter* was also an English word. Ah! yes, to be sure, one of them admitted; when he was with the Sardinian army in the Crimea, he had frequently heard the word used by the English soldiers. He nodded confirmation of what he said to his comrades; and then was good enough to display what English he knew. It was barely sufficient to impress his comrades; but it led the way to a good deal of talk in Italian.

"I suppose you gentlemen are all Piedmontese?" I said.

"Not at all," said our Crimean. "I am from Como; this gentleman, *il signor Conte* (the *signor Conte* bowed), is of Piacenza; and our friend across the table is Genoese. The army is doing a great deal to unify Italy. We are all Italians now, and you see we speak Italian, and not our dialects, together."

My cheap remark that it was a fine thing to see them all united under one flag, after so many ages of mutual hate and bloodshed, turned the talk upon the origin of the Italian flag; and that led our Crimean to ask what was the origin of the English colors.

"I scarcely know," I said. "We are Americans." (It was bad enough to be thought German, but the imputation that we were English was insufferable.)

Our friends at once grew more cordial. "Oh, Americani!" They had great pleasure of it. Did we think *Signor Leencolen* would be re-elected? I supposed he had been elected that day, I said. Ah! this was the election day, then. *Cospetto!*

At this the Genoese frowned superior intelligence, and the Crimean gazing admiringly upon him, said he had been nine months at Nuova York, and that he had a brother living there. The poor Crimean boastfully added that he himself had a cousin in America, and that the Americans generally spoke Spanish. The count from Piacenza wore an air of pathetic discomfiture, and tried to invent a transatlantic relative, as I think, but failed.

I am persuaded that none of these warriors really had kinsmen in America, but that they all pretended to have them, out of politeness, and that they believed each other. It was very kind of them, and we were so grateful that we put no embarrassing questions. Indeed, the conversation presently took another course, and grew to include the whole table.

There was an extremely pretty Italian present with her newly-wedded husband, who turned out to be a retired officer. He fraternized at once with our soldiers, and when we left the table they all rose and made military obeisances. Having asked leave to light their cigars, they were smoking—the sweet young bride blowing a fairy cloud from her rosy lips with the rest. "Indeed," I heard an Italian lady once remark, "why should men pretend to deny us the privilege of smoking? It is so pleasant and innocent." It is but just to the Italians to say that they do not always deny it; and there is, without doubt, a certain grace and charm in a pretty *fumatrice*. I suppose it is a habit not so pleasing in an ugly or middle-aged woman.

III.

We had intended to stay only one day at Ferrara, but just at that time the storms predicted on the Adriatic and Mediterranean coasts, by Mathieu de la Drome, had been raging all over Italy, and the railway communications were broken in every direction. The magnificent work through and under the Apennines, between Bologna and Florence, had been washed away by the mountain torrents in a dozen places, and the roads over the plains of the Romagna had been sapped by the flood, and rendered useless, where not actually laid under water.

On the day of our intended departure we left the hotel, with other travellers, gaily incredulous of the landlord's fear that no train would leave for Bologna. At the station we found a crowd of people waiting and hoping, but there was a sickly cast of doubt in some faces, and the labelled employees of the railway wore looks of ominous importance. Of course the crowd did not lose its temper. It sought information of the officials running to and fro with telegrams, in a spirit of national sweetness, and consoled itself with saying, as Italy has said under all circumstances of difficulty for centuries: *Ci vuol pazienza!* At last a blank silence fell upon it, as the *Capo-Stazione* advanced towards a well-dressed man in the crowd, and spoke to him quietly. The well-dressed man lifted his forefinger and waved it back and forth before his face:

The Well-dressed Man.—Dunque, non si parte più? (No departures, then?)

The Capo-Stazione (waving his forefinger in like manner).—Non si parte più. (Like a mournful echo.)

We knew quite as well from this pantomime of negation as from the dialogue our sad fate, and submitted to it. Some adventurous spirit demanded whether any trains would go on the morrow. The *capo-stazione*, with an air of one who would not presume to fathom the designs of Providence, responded: "Who knows? To-day, certainly not. To-morrow, perhaps. But—" and vanished.

It may give an idea of the Italian way of doing things to say that this break in the line was only a few miles in extent, that trains could have approached both to and from Bologna, and that a little enterprise on the part of the company could have passed travellers from one side to the other with very small trouble or delay. But the railway company was as much daunted by the inundation as a peasant going to market, and for two months after the accident no trains carried passengers from one city to the other. No doubt, however, the line was under process of very solid repair meanwhile.

There was little to interest us in the country over which we rode to Bologna from Ferrara. It is perfectly flat, and I suppose the reader knows what quantities of hemp and flax are raised there. The land seems poorer than in Lombardy, and the farm-houses and peasants' cottages are small and mean, though the peasants themselves, when we met them, looked well-fed and were certainly well-clad. The landscape lay soaking in a dreary drizzle the whole way, and the town of Cento, when we reached it, seemed miserably conscious of being too wet and dirty to go in-doors, and was loitering about in the rain. Our arrival gave the poor little place a sensation, for I think such a thing as an omnibus had not been seen there since the railway of Bologna and Ferrara was built. We went into the principal *caffè* to lunch—a *caffè* much too large for Cento, with immense red-leather-cushioned sofas, and a cold, forlorn air of half-starved gentility, a clean, high-roofed *caffè* and a breezy—and thither the youthful nobility and gentry of the place followed us, and ordered a cup of coffee, that they might sit down and give us the pleasure of their distinguished company. They put on their very finest manners, and took their most captivating attitudes for the ladies' sake; and the gentlemen of our party fancied that it was for them these young men began to discuss the Roman question. How loud they were, and how earnest! And how often they consulted the newspapers of the *caffè*! (Older newspapers I never saw off a canal-boat.) I may tire sometime of the artless vanity of the young Italians, so innocent, so amiable, so transparent, but I think I never shall.

The great painter, Guercini, was born at Cento, and they have a noble and beautiful statue of him in the piazza, which the town caused to be erected with the contributions of all the citizens. Formerly, his house was kept for a show to the public; it was full of the pictures of the painter and many mementoes of him; but recently the paintings have been taken to the gallery, and the house is now closed. The gallery is, consequently, one of the richest second-rate galleries in Italy, and one may spend much longer time in it than we gave, with great profit. There are some most interesting heads of Christ, painted, as Guercini always painted Christ, with a great degree of humanity in the face, and to almost the exact likeness of Lucius Verus as you see him in busts at Rome. It is an excellent countenance and full of sweet dignity, but quite different from the conventional face of Christ.

IV.

At night we were again in Bologna, of which we had not seen the gloomy arcades for two years. It must be a dreary town at all times: in a rain it is horrible; and I think the whole race of arcaded cities, Treviso, Padua, and Bologna, are dull, blind, and comfortless. The effect of the buildings vaulted over the sidewalks is that of a continuous cellar-way; your view of the street is constantly interrupted by the heavy brick pillars that support the arches; the arcades are not even picturesque.

I always like to leave Bologna as quickly as possible, and, on this occasion, learning that there was no hope of crossing the Apennines to Florence, we made haste to take the first train for Genoa, meaning to proceed thence directly to Naples by steamer. It was a motley company that sat down at breakfast in Hotel Brun the morning of our arrival in Bologna, and a bad breakfast it was, of murky coffee and furry beefsteaks, associated with sleek, greasy, lukewarm fried potatoes. I am sure that if each of our weather-bound travellers had told his story, we had been as well entertained as those at Canterbury. However, no one thought fit to give his narrative but a garrulous old Hebrew from London, who told us how he had been made to pay fifteen guineas for a carriage to cross the Apennines, and had been obliged to walk part of the way at that price. He was evidently proud, now the money was gone, of having been cheated of so much; and in him we saw that there was at least one human being more odious than a purse-proud Englishman—namely, a purse-proud English Jew. He gave his noble name after a while, as something too precious to be kept from the company, when recommending one of the travellers to go to the Hotel d'Angleterre in Rome: "The best 'otel out of England. You may mention my name, if you like—Mr. Jonas." The recipient of this favor noted down the talismanic words in his pocket-book, and Mr. Jonas, conscious of having conferred a benefit on his race, became more odious to it than ever. An Englishman is of a composition so uncomfortably original that no one can imitate him, though many may caricature. I saw an American in London once who thought himself an Englishman because he wore leg-of-mutton whiskers, declaimed against universal suffrage and republics, and had an appetite for high game. He was a hateful animal, surely, but he was not the British lion; and this poor Hebrew at Bologna was not a whit more successful in his imitation of the illustrious brute, though he talked, like him, of nothing but hotels, and routes of travel, and hackmen and porters, and seemed to have nothing to do in Italy but to get through it as quickly and abusively as possible. The English have settled the topics at the *tables d'hôte* of the Continent, and you may hope to hear of nothing but these things in lands where the very stones have speech for him who heeds.

We were very glad to part from all this at Bologna and take the noon train for Genoa. In our car there were none but Italians, and the exchange of *La Perseveranza* of Milan for *Il Popolo* of Turin with one of them quickly opened the way for conversation and acquaintance. (*En passant*: I know of no journal in the United States whose articles are better than those of the *Perseveranza*, and it was gratifying to an American to read in this ablest journal of Italy nothing but applause and encouragement of the national side in our late war.) My new-made friend turned out to be a Milanese. He was a physician, and had served as a surgeon in the late war of Italian independence; but was now placed in a hospital in Milan. There was a gentle little blonde with him, and at Piacenza, where we stopped for lunch, "You see," said he, indicating the lady, "we are newly married," which was, indeed, plain enough to any one who looked at their joyous faces, and observed how great disposition that little blonde had to nestle on the young man's broad shoulder. "I have a week's leave from my place," he went on, "and this is our wedding journey. We were to have gone to Florence, but it seems we are fated not to see that famous city." He spoke of it as immensely far off, and herein greatly amused Americans who had outgrown distances. "So we are going to Genoa instead, for two or three days." "Oh, have you ever been at Genoa?" broke in the bride. "What magnificent

palaces! And then the bay, and the villas in the environs! There is the Villa Pallavicini, with beautiful gardens, where an artificial shower breaks out from the bushes, and sprinkles the people who pass. Such fun!" and she continued to describe vividly a city of which she had only heard from her husband; and it was easy to see that she walked in paradise wherever he led her.

They say that Italian husbands and wives do not long remain fond of each other, but it was impossible in the presence of these happy people not to believe in the eternity of their love, and it was hard to keep from "dropping into poetry" on account of them. Their bliss infected everybody in the car, and in spite of the weariness of our journey, and the vexation of the misadventures which had succeeded one another unsparingly ever since we left home, we found ourselves far on the way to Genoa before we thought to grumble at the distance. There was with us, besides the bridal party, a lady travelling from Bologna to Turin, who had learned English in London, and spoke it much better than most Londoners. It is a matter of constant surprise to me how thoroughly Italians master a language so alien to their own as ours, and how frequently you find them acquainted with English. From Russia the mania for this tongue has spread all over the Continent, and in Italy English seems to be prized first among the virtues.

As we drew near Genoa, the moon came out on purpose to show us the superb city, and we strove eagerly for a first glimpse of the proud capital where Columbus was born. To tell the truth, the glimpse was but slight and false, for railways always enter cities by some mean level, from which any picturesque view is impossible.

Near the station in Genoa, however, is the weak and ugly monument which the municipality has lately raised to Columbus. The moon made the best of this, which stands in a wide open space, and contrived, with an Italian skill in the arrangement of light, to produce an effect of undeniable splendor. On the morrow, we found out by the careless candor of the daylight what a uselessly big head Columbus had, and how the sculptor had not very happily thought proper to represent him with his sea-legs on.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XXIX.

MOBILE, Ala., January 31, 1866.

On the journey from Montgomery to Mobile I formed a slight acquaintance with two men who seemed to me, as I heard them talking, very fair specimens of two large classes of people that I not infrequently meet with in the South, and, therefore, I describe them.

One, who walked heavily into the car just as the train was starting, was a tall man in the Federal uniform, a staff officer, apparently, and perhaps thirty years old. He carried in his hand, rather ostentatiously, a bundle of official documents. Taking off a military cape, he laid it down, remarking in a loud voice that he had one objection to living in the South—the climate was too fine. Then the documents received each a brief, rustling examination and were placed one by one in his pocket; but, meantime, having discovered that one of two gentlemen sitting near was known to him, he leaned forward, and, shaking hands with him, was introduced to the other, whom I understood to have been a despatch-bearer or envoy of the Confederacy who had never got nearer Europe than Fort Warren. By-and-bye I heard this officer making known his opinions upon the war and the state of the country.

"Oh, sir, the fact that your Government selected you for that position is a guarantee. We shall not differ, sir, I'm sure. When I meet with a Southern gentleman, like yourself, sir, I never find that we can't agree. Some of the warmest and most intimate friends that I've got I've made in the South; some of the people that I have the very highest respect for. It's far from being a recommendation for a man, in my eyes, to disown his cause. You Southern men believed you were right; in some things I sympathized with you myself; why should n't you fight for your opinions? Pleased to meet you, sir."

Cigars were then offered and accepted, and the major went on:

"I speak out myself, and I like to meet a man who expresses his sentiments just as he feels them. Though mine are at variance with yours, I can understand how you should feel as you do. Of course you are proud of your record in the war. You fought us honorably, nobly; no people ever fought better in all history, and I hope I can honor a brave man whenever I find him. I fought you, I confess, as hard as I knew how, and I know I'm proud of my record. And I consider that the glory of this war, the glory of each side, belongs to both. Look at the valor, the endurance, the

way our people fought in this struggle, the military resources we have developed, the skill and generalship and strategy of Generals Lee, and Johnston, and Grant! They have never been equalled in the history of ancient or modern times. Where will you find such a long, bloody war recorded in history? We are invincible. Yes, sir; I consider the United States more than a match for France and England and all the foreign nations of Europe combined. What's Mexico?"

Ah, his hearers did n't know about that; they doubted it.

"Oh, certainly. Of course, I mean in defensive warfare. With the South and the North united, if the powers of Europe were to attack us they would be whipped. That's what I mean. Of course, both sections are too much exhausted for us to think of bringing on an unnecessary war. I've seen enough of fighting. I have been in the army more than four years, and I've been at the front all the time. I would n't part with my experience for any money. A wonderful experience for a man. There is only one thing I missed: I never was a prisoner. I should like very much to look back now on two or three months spent in Libby. During the war I did n't think so, for it would have taken me away from the front. That was my only objection, however. I never was afraid you'd starve me if you got hold of me. Too many of my friends, ha! ha! received your hospitality for me to think that."

Both the gentlemen joined in the laugh. No, he need n't have been afraid of that.

"Oh, no. You told such stories about us and we told the same about you. Some suffering, of course."

"Of course; the life of a prisoner could n't be made very pleasant. But," said one of the gentlemen, "from my experience of prison-life I congratulate you, major, that you got through without being captured; at any rate, that they did n't get you into Fort Warren."

"Yes, that was a hard place, undoubtedly. But now it's all over, a' n't you glad that you have that experience to look back on?"

No; the gentleman could n't say that he was. Of course he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had suffered for his country. But it had been his wish to serve her in some more active way.

"Yes; but you did serve her. I consider it a great misfortune to any man, especially to any young man, North or South, if he has n't done something on one side or the other. The leading men of the country in the future will all be taken from among the soldiers. You of the South are not going to trust your pretended Union men, those who did n't prove true to your cause; we do n't expect it of you; and we are not going to give office to our cowards and stay-at-homes. If a young man has any aspirations, it is a great misfortune to him if he did n't serve on one side or the other."

He himself had no aspirations, he explained. It was not for rank or promotion that he entered the army, and he did not look forward now to civil rewards. He simply wished to discharge gallantly his duties as a soldier. Not that he was gallant either—his duties as a soldier and citizen. He fought because he thought the Constitution should be maintained. He honestly differed in opinion from the Southern leaders in regard to secession, though he had acted with them politically. If he had been born in the South he would, probably, have fought as hard for secession as he had fought for the Union. As for the Abolitionists, they were his detestation. Indeed, it was the Abolitionists who brought on the war.

And Thad. Stevens and that gang, one of the gentlemen said, were just as bad to-day as they were ten years ago.

The major assented. Thaddeus Stevens he knew personally. He was deficient in the first qualities of a statesman. Able, very smart indeed; but no statesman. He and Sumner, however, were only fanatics; they could not lead the people. In his own opinion, the people of the South since the surrender had furnished an example of good sense and sincere loyalty unparalleled in ancient or modern history. Sumner and Stevens and the Abolition party were now the only disloyalists left. But the men who had fought who knew the Southerners because they had met them on the field of battle, were willing to trust the South and let the war end, and, if it should be necessary, to put down the fanatics.

There was much conversation of this sort, and all the major's remarks were well received by the two gentlemen. It was gratifying, one said, to hear such sentiments expressed; and the other said that they reflected honor upon the man who felt them. But among two or three young men across the aisle looks and smiles were now and then exchanged which the speaker would not have considered flattering. Just before going to sleep, for we left Montgomery in the night, I heard him replying to an enquiry about some buildings in Mobile which were seized by the Government some months ago and have since been used for the public service. Certainly they ought to be restored, he said, or else the rents ought to be paid. If he had his way

the back rents should be paid at once and the buildings turned over to the owners. But, unfortunately, if he had been correctly informed, very recent orders from Washington forbade it, and of course the United States Quartermaster had no option but to keep the buildings and withhold the rents. It was a great hardship. For his own part, he would like to see the Government magnanimous to the South in every particular; magnanimity was the true policy, and the one that would have to be adopted; but still they would admit that it was the duty of a good soldier to obey his orders, although they might be such as he could not help considering wrong, and such as it was painful to his feelings as a gentleman to carry into effect.

This personage belongs to the South of to-day; the other figure that I attempt to describe belongs to the South which has just passed away. It is that of a man who throughout the rebellion was a loyalist in Georgia. He is a small, pale man, of very unobtrusive manners, and with the look of an artisan, so that I was not surprised when he said he was a cotton-carder and spinner from Rochdale. He came to America when he was twenty years old and had since then lived in the Southern States, following his trade in one factory and another and earning good wages. When the war broke out he was in Columbus, but he determined to get himself out of the city, where everybody was in a tumult, and they were all "through other" with their secessionism, and this and that, and therefore with his savings he bought a small farm two or three miles out in the country, where he could be quiet like. He avoided all public gatherings, gave a civil word to every one, and never spoke about politics or Abe Lincoln except in secret and to those that he knew were of his way of thinking. The Union men in those days knew each other a deal better than the secessionists, and had a good understanding together. For a time this quiet, inoffensive life kept him out of trouble, though once in a while he'd know that there was talk of making him come out with his opinions; but still he never was visited till they began to enlarge the State militia and to drag in the old men as well as the young. His name he knew would be put down, for his age was within the limit; but he had decided in his own mind that he never would lift a hand for the rebellion, and he set about finding a plan for escaping the draft. He began to wear the oldest clothes he could get, and a pair of shoes that the blacks themselves would n't have demeaned themselves to pick up in the streets. He put such a stoop into his shoulders, too, that he was bent almost two double; he did n't shave either, and altogether he looked dreadful decrepit. Often the neighbors passing him at dusk, or riding by quick in the day-time even, would call to him, "Hello, Mr. N." or "How d'ye do, Squire N.," mistaking him for Squire N. that lived near him, a man eighty year o' age. But they put down his name and served him with a notice to be at the mustering place on such a day. He just stayed at home and looked after the ploughing, stooped over a little more very like, but paid no attention to the summons otherwise. So in the evening a whole committee of them waited on him and wanted to know if he did not know he was enrolled, and why he had not made his appearance. He put them off with some indifferent answer; they would n't be wanting men of his age for the militia. His name was on the roll, they said, and he was to appear at the next meeting or take the consequences. Well, he did n't know how ever he'd be able to get there. He could n't take the mule out of the field. But he told them, shuffling his old shoes and clapping one leg over the other so they could see them, he'd see if he could get something to wear that he could walk in. They said he'd best mind and be on hand, and with that they rode off. He had been careful not to say that he would go, but only to say that he would look up a pair of shoes to walk in, for it never was in his mind to go at all. And he never did. On the morning of the muster the captain of his company, a man that he had known pretty well for some years, rode past his place and said, "Come, Mr. F., are you going to town?" "Well, no, captain," he told him. "It's younger men than me you want for your company." Then the captain asked how old he was; his name was down, and there had been some talk before because he was absent. "Captain," he asked, "you're a man that has known me for years; what would you set me at?" Well, the captain considered, and looked at him, and all this time the old clothes were on him and the old shoes, and at last he said, "Well, sure enough, Mr. F., I reckon you're rising sixty. How near have I come to it?" But he would n't tell him; he only said, "Captain, you're near about the thing; I'm not that old as I look, but you're near about the thing." So, after a bit, the captain rode along; and he was informed afterwards that when the roll was called and they came to T. F., and some of the men cried out that he was not there and never had been there, the captain said that man was too old for duty, and they might just strike out his name. That was the last of his troubles except that he lived under a miserable tyranny, without daring to open his mouth, until the United States Government conquered

them and put them down. It sickened him of the South, and he intended to leave it for good and all. He was only waiting for the winter to pass and then he would seek work in Louisville or St. Louis.

I asked if he thought it would be unsafe for him and other men of his political opinions to live in Georgia and Alabama now.

No; he would n't say that. He could get along with them. He had lived with them through all the war; and they were far humbler now than then. The wild young men would bluster, but the most of the people would let a man alone if he went about his business.

The other day I put the same question to a gentleman living in Mobile, Mr. A. G., who is perhaps better qualified to give an opinion on this matter, showing him at the same time the anonymous letter of which I give a copy below. It is one of those that are known to have been sent to many different persons within the last fortnight.

"MOBILE, Ala., Jan. 25, 1866.

"SIR: We, the undersigned citizens of Mobile, Ala., give you one week from date to leave the place, and if found within the limits of the city or State after the time specified as above, you and your traitorous offspring will be wiped into eternity as sure as there is a God above you.

"By order of

SPECIAL COMMITTEE.

"To the traitor, Francis Lyons, late Commandant of Florida Renegades."

In answering my question, Mr. G. related an illustrative passage in his own history. Before the war his father, a Northern man, published a newspaper in Macon, Ga., in which town Mr. G. lived from the time when he was three years old till the autumn of 1855. In that year he was waited upon one day by a number of his fellow-citizens, who charged him with being an anti-slavery man and with having made anti-slavery speeches in New York. He admitted that he was opposed to the continuance of slavery, if any safe method for getting rid of it could be devised, but denied that he had made speeches of any kind during his visit to the North. He was ordered to leave the town within twenty-four hours. At first he thought of disobeying this command. He went about to the shops to purchase a knife or a pistol and ammunition, but no one would sell anything of the kind to him or any member of his family; his friends being called on to aid him, durst not, and pronounced the idea of resistance utter folly; the power and authority of the mayor were invoked for the protection of a peaceable citizen, and the mayor replied that he should be protected up to the expiration of the twenty-four hours. Nothing remained, therefore, but submission, and he left Macon on the next train. None of the usual accessories of such a departure were omitted. He was accompanied to the depot by a tumultuous escort, who cursed, gibed, and flung rotten eggs; one of the newspapers noticed the occurrence in a short local article, headed "Served him right," setting forth that a young man, whose youth and weak head alone preserved him from a severer punishment, had been summarily sent out of Macon for using offensive language in reference to the peculiar institution, and was on his way to the North and the society of more congenial spirits; a telegram was sent to Savannah informing the citizens that an abolitionist might be expected in their city by the next train, and bespeaking a warm reception for him. Going North by way of Augusta, he escaped the tar and feathers prepared for him in Savannah.

One man, Mr. G. said, caused all this. He felt confident that if the question of his expulsion had been voted upon by the people of Macon, more than three-fourths of them, even then, in 1855, would have voted in his favor. The manner of his banishment was the same with that of nine-tenths of all the men who in those days were driven out of the South. Some one man, a personal enemy perhaps, would take advantage of the soreness of public feeling in reference to slavery to use the ruffianism of the community in furtherance of his private ends. Free speech was not punished in every instance, though it was in his case; he had known many men whose dislike of slavery was as well known as his who were never molested. But let it once become worth any one's while to attack such a man, and he could not consider himself safe; for though, as he believed, the majority of the people in no Southern community would have borne a part in such outrages, yet as they knew that slavery could not bear free handling in the light, they willingly permitted others to commit them. Now, however, there is no peculiar institution to be conserved, the great reason for hating Northerners has disappeared, and the prominent and influential men whose countenance of these lawless conservators alone made them dangerous, recognize the changed state of affairs. It was not at all his opinion that the memories of the war could furnish a reason for hating Northerners strong enough to take the place of the old reason of slaveholding times. He would be willing to work at his trade in any Southern community and vote the Union ticket. Yes, and read the New York Tribune openly. No; perhaps he would not like to avow himself in favor of

negro suffrage. And he readily admitted further that he would by no means consent to continue his connection with *The Nationalist* (a newspaper published in the interest of the colored people of Alabama) a day after the Federal troops should be withdrawn from Mobile. The same people who might concede to a white man the liberty of holding such opinions as seemed good to him, were very far from willing to allow that right to negroes or to see anything done for their instruction.

I may say that the Assistant Commissioner for Alabama, General Swayne, is of opinion that Northern men may now settle in Alabama without fear of being molested by their neighbors. He inclines to think that such settlers are apt to exaggerate the bluster of a comparatively small number of men into the threatening voice of the whole people. At the same time he would not wish to be understood as denying that quite possibly their view is the correct one. They see in detail, while he gets but a general view, and there may be good ground for the apprehensions which they do undeniably entertain, for it is certain that the Northerners in the vicinity of Montgomery, his headquarters, are unanimous in believing the presence of the Federal troops essential to their comfort and safety.

I am informed by the officers of the Bureau that the freedmen in this part of Alabama have almost all found work for the year, and already entered upon the performance of it. In the immediate neighborhood of Mobile the turpentine business forms the chief employment of the people; and for working in the orchards the men receive some ten, some fifteen, and some even twenty-five dollars a month. Women, engaged in the same occupation, get from six to eight dollars a month; and food, shelter, and medical attendance are furnished at the expense of the employer. This statement is to be understood of the wages of able-bodied hands. The demand for labor both in the turpentine region and in the cotton country, further from the coast, exceeds the supply.

The newspaper which I mentioned above, *The Nationalist*, is conducted by white men, but is owned by an association of colored people, and of course relies mainly for support upon that class of the population. I may remark, in passing, that the publisher announces that he finds it difficult, "owing to some cause connected with the post-office department," to supply the paper to his more distant subscribers. From its columns I quote a report of the number of rations issued to destitute citizens of Mobile, and of the number of cases tried in the Freedmen's Court, during the week ending Jan. 27, 1866:

Total number of applicants for justice from among colored citizens, 335, viz.:

For collection of wages from white employers	301
For whipping and other brutal treatment from the hands of white citizens	18
From the hands of colored citizens	4
For protection from white mobs in the streets while employed in their daily labor	3
Total	335

Number of rations issued to destitute citizens for the past week, 5,194, as follows:

Number of white persons drawing rations	634
Number of colored persons drawing rations	51
Number of persons in hospital at Dog River, of both classes, drawing rations	67
Total	742
Number of days	7
Total number of rations	5,194

Besides their attempt to establish a newspaper, the colored people here, in their desire to elevate themselves, are making efforts in other directions that merit a favor and encouragement little likely to be given them by the white citizens of Mobile. The books of a branch bank of the National Freedman's Savings and Trust Company have within a month been opened, and the deposits made already exceed \$4,000. By means of a fair recently held in the Medical College building they succeeded in raising \$1,200, to be devoted to the founding of an asylum for orphan children. Six hundred children are under instruction in the schools, which are to a considerable extent self-supporting, the scholars buying their own books and paying the salaries of two teachers out of eight. In these schools the scholars were well behaved, and the lessons were recited very well. The teachers, who have been engaged in the schools since they were first opened in May last, speak in high terms of the docility of their pupils, and say that it is seldom necessary to resort to punishment. Here I saw, for the first time in the Southern States, colored boys reciting in the same class with white. The latter, however, were children of the teachers, and not natives of Alabama. I saw, too, among the children one old white-headed man, who, when I asked him why he was there, told me with great earnestness that he would not trouble the lady much; but he must learn to read the Bible and the Testa-

ment. He and his grandchild attend the same school, and the old man supports them both by what work he can do in the morning and evening.

As everywhere else, except in Port Royal, the teachers of these negroes are bitterly disliked by the white people around them, and complain of many insults.

ENGLAND.—THE WORK BEFORE PARLIAMENT.

LONDON, January 20, 1866.

It is not very often that any newspaper article creates a sensation. This week, however, we have had everybody that is anybody talking about one particular article. Probably the reputation of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the youngest of our London dailies, has hardly reached as yet across the Atlantic. Brought out by Mr. Smith, the proprietor of the "Cornhill Magazine," and supported by a sort of secession from the *Saturday Review* staff, it represents very much the same school of genteel liberalism as the weekly journal in question. Bearing the name of the famous newspaper which Captain Shandon edited, and to which Arthur Pendennis and George Warrington were contributors, it professes, like its prototype, to be written solely for the upper ten thousand. Hitherto its success has not been brilliant. Somehow or other the "scholars and gentlemen" who were supposed to compose its articles in contradistinction to professional writers found that writing leaders was a pursuit like most others at which the professional beats the amateur. Still the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been eminently respectable and, in a feeble way, liberal. But up to lately it had failed altogether in making any mark in the world of journalism. The other day, however, by a happy inspiration, one of its writers struck on the idea of going himself to a London workhouse in the dress of a houseless tramp, and describing what he saw there. The experiment was tried and proved eminently successful. The narrative of "the night in a London workhouse," simply told, with an almost Defoe-like realism, has excited a strange interest amongst all classes. It is a very old proverb that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. Of England this saying is eminently true. People were perfectly aghast at the revelations of the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, yet they might have learned the same truths much more forcibly by perusing the reports of the police courts, or by using their own reasoning powers. But the truth is, it has come to be a sort of article of belief with our upper classes that, somehow or other, anybody, as a rule, is better off in England than he could be anywhere else, or especially in America; and any account of pauper sufferings was always explained away as being exaggerated. Even the protests which Mr. Dickens has often raised so nobly in his novels against the hardships of our workhouse system were called "sensational" and dismissed forthwith. But here, at last, in an eminently genteel organ, we have an account written by a gentleman of what he himself saw and heard in the assumed character of a pauper. On a bitter cold night he, in common with some threescore other houseless wretches who applied for lodging at the Lambeth workhouse, was forced to sleep in a half-open shed, on a stone floor covered with filth, with no covering except a rug. His description of the horrors he witnessed, the language he overheard, and the hardships to which he was subjected, is quite sufficient to explain the "unreasoning" aversion, as it is called, which the honest poor entertain towards the workhouse or, to quote the popular name, "the union." Of course, the Lambeth officials are indignant at this disturbance of their privacy. Bumbledom is in arms, and protests that the account is exaggerated; that any hardships suffered were due to some unavoidable accident; and that, as a rule, the receptacles for paupers err upon the side of being too luxurious.

The authorship of the article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been kept a strict secret. I have heard it attributed, "on undoubted information," to Tom Hughes, to Higgins the "Jacob Omnium" of the *Times*, to Jones Kennay, to Lord Milton, to George Sala, to the present writer, and to a score of other personages. I have myself more reason to believe that it is the work of Mr. Greenwood, a brother of the author of "Margaret Denzil," and sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

You will, of course, have seen the narrative of the dreadful shipwrecks we have had of late about our coasts. The loss of the *London* is one of those casualties which comes home to English people more, perhaps, than far greater catastrophes. The victims of the shipwreck belonged to the middle classes; and there are few people who read through that long ghastly list of the lost without a dread that some well-known name is among them. Poor Gustavus Vasa Brooke must, I should think, be recollected by many American play-goers. Latterly, circumstances which there is no good recalling had completely destroyed his reputation as an actor at home, and he was going out to Australia, as a disappointed and broken man, to try and retrieve his fortunes. Whatever the errors of his life may have been, he died nobly, as indeed everybody on board the ill-fated vessel appears to have

done. Much anxiety has been caused by a rumor that the *Atrato*, the Jamaica mail steamer which carried out the commissioners, had foundered at sea. The report has very little to rest upon; but we are waiting anxiously for tidings of this, as of every outward bound steamer which sailed within the last fortnight. The gales have lasted for nearly that time, and as yet there is very little symptom of their termination.

Politically, we have no news at all, except that there are renewed rumors of dissensions in the still incomplete cabinet. The other day Mr. Layard suddenly resigned his office as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and only resumed it in consequence of some arrangement whose exact nature is not yet known. Very little political knowledge is required to ascertain the probable motives of Mr. Layard's resignation. There can be no doubt that Mr. Goschen's appointment to the office of cabinet minister has given offence to many of the subordinate members of the Government. Mr. Layard is certainly the ablest of the younger members of the Palmerston Ministry; he has done good service to the Government for many years, and might, not unreasonably, expect that if any new man were admitted within the charmed circle of the cabinet he would be the person chosen. When he found himself passed over in favor of a young and untried colleague, he not unnaturally felt it incumbent on him to write a protest. The Nineveh discoverer has never quite realized his early reputation, but he is a vigorous speaker and a man much less wedded to traditions than the majority of our governing classes. Mr. Goschen is, probably, a more sincere Liberal; but yet Mr. Layard's election to the cabinet would have been a greater triumph for Liberal principles. Unlike Mr. Goschen, he has neither wealth nor commercial interests. Whatever position he holds he owes simply and solely to the force of his own ability. A sort of Liberal Disraeli, he is viewed with the same suspicion by the landed gentlemen who compose the governing class of England. Probably his threat of resignation will cause him before long to be raised in official rank. Earl Russell is not strong enough yet to quarrel with Mr. Layard.

January 27.

On Wednesday next, Parliament will meet for the session. For the first time since the death of the Prince Consort, the royal speech will be delivered by the Queen in person. There are many stories afloat as to the manner in which the Queen intends to combine the performance of this public duty with what has been called "her sacred prerogative of mourning." But everything connected with the court is always kept so profound a secret from the outer world that I see very little use in speculating on the manner in which the ceremonial will be conducted. The first few days of the session will be occupied by the swearing-in of the members and the election of a Speaker. The Government propose to nominate Mr. Denison for re-election, and, though he is by no means an efficient chairman of the House, I should think his return will be practically unopposed. The debate on the address will probably not commence till Monday. Meanwhile there is every prospect of a stormy and excited session. Foreign politics occupy at present less of public attention than they have for many a long year. The excitement of the great Transatlantic contest has ceased to disturb the public mind; the outlook of affairs upon the Continent is exceptionally tranquil; and the sort of truce which so long suspended all political action has obviously come to an end with the death of Lord Palmerston. Add to these facts the circumstance that the Parliament is new and untried, and the existence of a number of topics on which public feeling runs very high and on which action must be taken without delay, and it is easy to perceive that the halcyon days of the do-nothing Palmerstonian administration are over.

Let me specify the subjects which must first of all command the attention of Parliament. First and foremost there is this dreadful Jamaica business. Any set discussion will, doubtless, be adjourned till the report of the committee of investigation can be received; but questions are certain to be constantly asked with reference to the news from the West Indies, which will keep alive the discussion between the opponents and the apologists of Governor Eyre. Every day, indeed, seems to make the case clearer against the Jamaica authorities. Mail after mail has arrived. General Nelson has come over, communicated with the Government, and been sent back to the colony; and yet no official apology of any kind has been put forth in behalf of the impugned authorities. Now, Governor Eyre has many powerful friends; the sympathy of "society," which has immense weight with our governing classes, is in his favor; and the extent to which Mr. Cardwell has identified the Government with the governor by his ill-advised congratulatory despatch—all render it certain that no time would be lost in bringing forward any reports or correspondence which could prove either that the extent of the massacres had been exaggerated or that there was moral proof of the necessity for such wholesale extermination of the negroes. As it is, the non-official reports confirm more and more the justice of the outcry

raised in England. We have got this week the report of the trial on which poor Gordon was sentenced to death. Some faint idea of the animus with which it was conducted may be given from the facts that the prisoner, who, by order of the governor himself, was carried off from the protection of civil law to be tried by a military court, was actually refused permission to consult a lawyer, and that the sapient tribunal, composed of two sub-lieutenants and one ensign, who sat in judgment upon him, actually took time to deliberate whether the unhappy man might be allowed to take notes of the evidence for the prosecution. The whole mockery of the trial is so apparent that even the newspapers which most distinguished themselves by the defence of Eyre are driven to suggest that probably there must be more to be said against Gordon than has yet been disclosed. Meanwhile, to a weak Government, like the Russell-Gladstone one, the very name of Jamaica must appear ominous of peril.

Then, again, there is the Irish question. Fenianism has been laughed at in our papers, and the humor of our comic writers has been exhausted—a task of no great difficulty just now—in holding up to ridicule the knot of lunatics who fancied they could overthrow the British Empire; and the movement has been suppressed, I am thankful to say, without the loss of a single life, and the whole affair has ended in smoke; and yet, gradually, the British public are beginning to perceive that Fenianism is a very serious matter after all. To judge from our newspaper reports you would suppose that the affair never had any real importance; but the tone of private intelligence is very different. I know that the private reports received by the Government are such as to inspire very grave uneasiness. Amongst the peasantry the sympathy with Fenianism is represented to be universal. The object of the movement, as far as Ireland herself is concerned, is considered to be rather social than political; but this fact renders it none the less significant. It appears now that any agitation which promises a reform of the land tenure will command the support of the Irish, no matter whether it is favored or opposed by the priesthood. In other words, Ireland never will be contented unless the proprietorship of the soil is virtually transferred from the landlord to the tenant. On the other hand, any measure by which this change could be brought about would be in direct antagonism to all our principles of government, and would be opposed to the death by the English landed interests, the most powerful one in the long run in the whole country. With the state of disaffection which is known to prevail in the sister kingdom, it is impossible to do nothing. On the other hand, it is almost as impossible to suggest what ought to be done, or what can be done, with safety, under these circumstances. I expect the Ministry will try to gain time and stave off the evil hour of settling upon an Irish policy by proposing a commission of enquiry into the condition of Ireland.

A similar expedient is hardly available in the case of the third dilemma with which the administration has to deal. The moment Parliament assembles there will be a cry for legislation on the subject of the cattle-plague. The experiment of a commission has been already tried, and has resulted in failure. Rightly or wrongly, the public has made up its mind that the Rinderpest, like small-pox, is propagated solely by close contact; and on this theory it is absolutely essential that all opportunities for communication between different herds should be precluded. In order to facilitate this object, the Government, by orders in council, has given power to the local authorities of the different counties to adopt precautionary measures. In consequence, the holding of markets and the conveyance of live stock has been prohibited in many parts of the country; but these remedies are found to be ineffectual so long as the prohibition is not uniform. A strong appeal, therefore, will be made to the Government to forbid all markets throughout the country and all removal of live stock from one place to another. How strong the feeling on the subject is in the agricultural districts may be estimated, by any one acquainted with England, by the simple fact that in Northamptonshire, where hunting is not a favorite pursuit of the landed gentry, but where it is the chief support of many of the smaller towns, there is a vigorous local agitation in favor of suspending all hunting while the Rinderpest rages, on the plea that the riders make gaps in the hedges, and thus allow the cattle to stray from one field to another. I hear, too, that the Conservatives intend to urge the necessity of a public loan to indemnify the farmers for the losses sustained by the pestilence. Such a proposition would be extremely embarrassing to the Government. Its acceptance would be extremely resented by the manufacturing districts, while its rejection would be almost fatal to the chances of the ministerial members for rural constituencies in the event of another election.

Last, but not least, there is the question of reform. The Government are now absolutely pledged to bring in a bill, and to dissolve Parliament in the event of its rejection. But they are still utterly at sea as to what basis of reform they ought to make their stand upon. As yet there has been

little evidence of any strong popular feeling in favor of reform, and the hostility of the half-and-half Liberals to any practical change is daily becoming more outspoken. The one thing on which the Ministry appears to have made up its mind is, that the bill shall not interfere with the present distribution of seats. Forthwith, the *Times*, which represents fairly enough the dread of the governing classes to any scheme which shall really increase the influence of the popular element in the representation, begins to plead that, if we are to have any change at all, it is idle to leave the question of the petty boroughs untouched. The real purport of these tactics is obvious enough. The *Times* knows that the Government cannot hope to pass a bill opposed by the representatives of from five-and-twenty to fifty boroughs which would have to be disfranchised if any attempt was made to render our electoral system somewhat less anomalous; and, therefore, it insists upon the necessity of disfranchisement as the indispensable condition of any bill deserving national support. A great number, too, of Liberal members, who are very fond of reform in the abstract, are extremely reluctant to have the subject entered upon at present, because the passage of a reform bill would render it necessary for them to undergo the cost and trouble of another election, and will, therefore, seize every opportunity of covertly frustrating the measure. If the Government has courage enough to bring forward a simple and straightforward bill, and to urge it vigorously upon the House, I think it just possible they may force it through Parliament; but if there is any appearance of hesitation or of divided counsels on the part of the Treasury bench, the defeat of the measure and of the Ministry is absolutely certain. And so far there has been no reason to credit the administration with decision or vigor of any kind. And, as if all this trouble were not enough, there is the further prospect that the repeated disclosures of mal-administration in our workhouses may force on the consideration of pauperism and of the parochial system—the most difficult and dangerous subject with which an English Government can well be called on to deal.

Other than political news there is hardly any which would interest anybody but home readers. Lady Palmerston has refused a peerage in her own right, with remainder to her second son by her first marriage, the Hon. William Cowper. Whatever judgment the world may pass upon the dead statesman, it is only natural that to the lady who bore his name the honor of being known only as the wife of Lord Palmerston should seem the highest of earthly distinctions. In the fashionable world the event of the week has been the christening of Sir Robert Peel's child, at which, in the reporter's phrase, "all the rank and fashion of the metropolis were assembled." I only mention the circumstance on account of the sensation produced at the ceremony by Mr. Gladstone's speech. The great English orator had to propose the health of the infant; and nobody expected that on so commonplace an occasion he could do more than utter a few graceful sentences. But to the surprise of everybody he made a speech about which all London is talking, and which it is credibly asserted set two colonels crying and disturbed the equanimity of a brace of bishops.

Sir Edwin Landseer, as I think I told you would be the case, has been offered the presidency of the Royal Academy, vacant by Sir Charles Eastlake's death, and will, it is thought, accept the honor. On Sunday intelligence was received of the death of Gibson, the sculptor, at Rome; and most of the Monday's papers had articles upon the loss thus sustained by art. It seems, however, that he is not dead after all, though I fear he is never likely to regain his strength. Americans who have resided in Rome will hear with regret of the death of Mrs. Charles Newton, the wife of the late, and the daughter of the present, English consul in that city. She was quite the cleverest of our female portrait-painters, and was very popular in the artistic world.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Jan. 18, 1866.

THE spiritual "lion" of the Advent just over has been a Dominican monk rejoicing in the euphonious designation of "Father Hyacinth," a new man, previously unknown to fame, but selected by the chapter of Notre Dame, for his zeal and eloquence, to preach the regular course of "Advent sermons" in that fine old fane. The theme of the new preacher's discourses has been "Independent Morality," and his object has been to prove that there is no true "morality" out of the pale of the church, and that the most noble and excellent deeds, or what the common-sense judgment of the world would regard as such, are neither noble nor excellent unless they are done not because they are seen to be noble and excellent, but because they are prescribed by that sole depository of light and of authority, "the church." The new preacher being a young man of striking appearance, great scholastic learning, and vigorous delivery, the church-going world of Paris has been

crowding to his sermons in greater numbers than have been drawn by any preacher since Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Ravignan; and so highly have they been approved by the ecclesiastical authorities that the Archbishop of Paris, after the delivery of the last of Father Hyacinth's orations, mounted the pulpit, and there expressed his entire approbation of all that the new preacher had said in these discourses, before dismissing the congregation with the "Papal benediction" duly sent on from Rome for the occasion. All the other churches of the capital have had their course of "Advent sermons," but none of them have rivalled, in public estimation, the outpourings of Father Hyacinth.

Advent and church-going being now successfully got through with, the Parisians are making the most of the unusually short carnival of the present year. The theatres are in full blast, and half-a-dozen popular novelties dispute the honors of the season. Patti, who has been fêted "to the top of her bent" in Italy, and was all but buried alive the other night, at Marseilles, under the cart-loads of flowers that were showered upon her from every part of the opera-house, is just re-engaged here, at the Italian Opera, at three thousand francs per night, a sum which is almost causing M. Bagier, the director of that renowned temple of song, to tear his hair. He ought, however, to be much obliged to the *dieu* for letting him off with merely one-quarter of the total receipts of the theatre; for the public would insist on having Patti at any cost, and whatever she chose to ask he would be forced to give, even if she compelled him to pay her at the rate at which she lately mulcted the director of the opera at Lille, where she pocketed 24,000 francs as the price of a couple of representations! What the public of Lille were made to pay for their seats on those occasions has not transpired; but we learn that at Marseilles tickets for the stalls fetched as much as 300 francs, those for the first gallery 60 francs, and those for the pit 20 francs each.

The Marquis de Massa's new ballet, "Le Roi d'Yvetot," at the grand opera, has not equalled the anticipations which had been formed respecting it. The plot is of the slightest, and utterly incomprehensible, as is the want of ballets; the music, by Labarre, is very unequal; the dances, devised by Petipa, are wonderful in their way, but are so very statuesque as to occasionally suggest a wish that they might be transferred to the studio of some sculptor to whom the exhibition of the human frame might be more edifying than it can well be to the general public. So large is the portion of the "Africaine" which it has been found necessary to cut out, in order to bring Meyerbeer's posthumous opera within the capacities of performers and of the public, that the rejected *moreaux* would amply suffice for the fabrication of a two-act opera. An enterprising *librettiste* has offered to provide a plot for this purpose, to which the cuttings in question would be adapted. The proposition is under consideration, and rumor states that M. Fétis, the musical executor of the late *maestro*, is in treaty with Mme. Meyerbeer in reference to this suggestion. The accomplished professors who compose the magnificent orchestra of the French opera are paid for their arduous work in an inverse ratio of their talent, the pay they receive being so small as to be almost a derision. They have been agitating for several years in vain for an increase of salary, and have now hit upon a novel sort of strike, which they are employing with marked effect. They play so softly as to be almost inaudible, especially the passages which demand a vigorous rendering, and in which, while the unhappy leader works his *bâton* wildly in a frantic endeavor to galvanize the orchestra into the production of some grand burst of sound, the instruments give out but the faintest whispers. As it would be impossible to collect a new orchestra of equal talent on anything like the terms which these gentlemen demand, the manager dares not cashier them, but still refuses to comply with their demands, which, however, he will probably have to do before long.

The Théâtre Lyrique is beginning what appears to be destined to become a magnificent success, with an opera by Barthe, founded on Byron's "Bride of Abydos," and in which that unrivalled warbler, Madame Miolan-Cavalho, is pouring forth torrents of vocalization surpassing all her former feats, and only to be matched by a mocking-bird or a nightingale.

The transpontine Odeon, which ranks officially as "the second French theatre," is drawing unwonted crowds to weep over the sorrows of a specimen of the extinct class of *grisettes*, borrowed from the *Bohème* of their late historian, Henri Murger, and personated with equal charm, grace, and pathos by Mlle. Thuillier, who draws tears from the most flinty-hearted of her auditors, while those of a gentler mould are unable to get through the evening on less than half a dozen handkerchiefs. The vast new theatre of The Chatelet is crammed every night, from floor to ceiling, with a densely packed crowd, whose tickets have been taken a fortnight beforehand, to witness the brilliant marvels of a new piece called "The Magic Lantern," and in which one of the prettiest actresses of Paris, Mlle. Eugénie, personates our common mother, Eve, with the aid of the smallest modicum of green

crape whose existence could hope for recognition by the censors of the police. The largest of the Paris houses, the Grand Théâtre Parisien (which seats 8,000 people, and opened last year with a grand flourish of trumpets, proclaiming itself the "continuator of the traditions of the theatres of ancient Rome," apparently forgetting that the Circus Maximus seated 250,000 spectators, and the Colosseum 100,000!), has a "grand military drama," by Tessier, entitled "Puebla," which, with its 20 sieges, 31 sackings, and 400 discharges of artillery, is driving the east-end public wild with delight. The side-splitting "Review," at the little Théâtre Déjazet; the "Benoiton Family," at the Vaudeville; and the "Belle Hélène," at the Palais Royal, are pursuing their career as successfully as ever, and the manager of the theatre of the Porte St. Martin having announced his intention of celebrating the 300th representation of that marvellous fairy-spectacle, "La Biche au Bois," with a ball and supper, and private theatricals "interspersed with vivacious couplets," the demand for tickets, which has been unprecedented even in Paris, has attained still larger proportions since the appearance of the prospectus of the coming fête, in which the manager makes a particular request that "mothers will leave their daughters at home on this occasion;" thereby implying that the "vivacity" of the entertainment will be in stricter accordance with the prevailing taste of this particular portion of the planet than with the prescriptions of any very straightlaced code of proprieties. The opera balls, meantime, are in higher favor than ever. The interior of the French opera-house, boarded over so as to form a floor on a level with the stage and the first row of boxes, and thus converted into a vast ball-room, magnificently lighted with enormous chandeliers, opens its doors every Saturday night during the carnival, exactly at midnight, to the masquerading crowd who will dance wild dances, look out for adventures, or simply look on, from the comparative retirement of the boxes, on the bewildering whirl of uproarious merriment going on to the exciting strains of Strauss's unrivalled "Brass Band," and only ending in the broad daylight of Sunday morning.

But the great success of the moment is the new song of Thérèse, the popular *diva* of the Alcazar Café, entitled "La déesse du Bœuf-Gras"—that is to say, the young woman in book-muslin who personates Venus in the chariot of Olympian deities that always forms part of the traditional procession of "fat oxen" on the three days of Shrovetide. This new ditty, of the stamp of her famous "Sapper," is even more in favor with the Parisian public than was that wonderful setting forth of the peculiar audacities commonly considered as constituting an essential part of the military career. Paris is going mad about this new ballad. Last night Thérèse was recalled no less than six times, and was greeted each time with the most frantic applause and avalanches of bouquets.

The first court ball of the season took place yesterday, and is to be followed by the usual series of hospitalities at the Tuilleries, including a fancy ball, concerts, and theatrical performances. The little Prince Imperial, who, being strictly limited in his allowance of pocket-money, and withal of so generous a disposition that he gives it away as soon as he receives it, and is thus almost always in a state of great pecuniary embarrassment, happened to learn a few days ago that one of the Zouaves now doing duty at the Tuilleries had been robbed of 1,500 francs, the price of his re-engagement, which sum he was just going to send to his mother, and that the Zouave being a young man of excellent character and greatly beloved and respected by his comrades, the latter had made a subscription for him among themselves, the amount thus raised being, however, very far short of the sum of which he had been robbed. The generous little fellow, having just received his pocket-money, immediately sent for the colonel of the regiment, and, putting the sum of 1,500 francs into his hand, begged him to present it to the Zouave in his name, and to tell him that he "had great pleasure in making him this present, as he had learned what had been his intentions in regard to the money of which he had been so unfortunately robbed." The officer having promised to obey his little Highness's commands, called the company together on parade, and delivered the gift and message to the delighted Zouave, amidst the enthusiastic cries of "Vive le Prince Impérial!" proffered by the rest of the men, almost as much touched and delighted at their comrade's good fortune, the gracious deed of the little Prince, as that comrade himself.

Lovers of Biblical antiquities will rejoice to hear that the excavations now being made in Syria have resulted in the discovery, at Nadir-Sarape, of a Hebrew house dating from about the second century before Christ. Some of the rooms, with their contents, are in perfect preservation, among the latter being a number of Hebrew books, showing that the house belonged to a literary man. Besides the books of Moses and the Psalms of David, there is a collection of Hebrew poems, absolutely unknown to the Orientalists of our day. These interesting remains, many of which bear traces of Egyptian origin, have been sent to the Asiatic Society of London

STELLA.

Correspondence.

AN IMPARTIAL CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Your vindication last week of the conduct of THE NATION against the gratuitous arraignment of Mr. Wendell Phillips was convincing and ample. Had you chosen, however, to enquire why he essayed to play the champion for Mr. Sumner on this particular occasion, and, of all men, to stigmatize you as a "heartless and unfair critic" of that philanthropic senator, you might easily have removed from Mr. Phillips every vestige of an excuse for assuming either office. For, in the first place, while he regards and publicly brands President Johnson as virtually a traitor to his country, who deserves immediate impeachment and trial, Mr. Sumner declared, when seeking to justify his epithet of "whitewashing," "I have no reflection to make on the patriotism or the truth of the President of the United States. Never in public or in private have I made any such reflection, and I do not begin now." And this, surely, Mr. Phillips must regard quite as bad as "whitewashing," and to the taste like wormwood!

But the *sang-froid* of this novel partizanship is quite refreshing in view of Mr. Phillips's severe, not to say savage, assault upon Mr. Sumner in the spring of 1863, when he exclaimed:

"Peel off Seward, peel off Halleck, peel off Blair, peel off Sumner—yes, Massachusetts senators as well as others. No, I will not say peel off our Massachusetts senators; but I will say their recent action has very materially lessened my confidence in their intelligence and fidelity. I will tell you why. When the Government called on New England for a negro regiment, and we went from county to county, urging the blacks to enlist, one Massachusetts colonel [Stevenson], dared to say, down in South Carolina, in the face of the enemy, that he had rather be whipped without negroes than conquer at their side—a Massachusetts colonel, in that hour of emergency and critical issue. His case within twenty days went before the Senate of the United States, and the very week that his apology was filed in the War Office at Washington, Massachusetts senators begged their reluctant brothers to make him a brigadier-general. Yes, Massachusetts senators, thoroughly informed and put upon their guard, against the repeated remonstrance of their fellow-senators, insisted on rewarding the mutineer!"

Again:

"Thus we see high-handed defiance of the Government's policy enter the Senate as a colonel and come out a brigadier. Sigel, Fremont, Butler, Hamilton, Phelps, and a host of others idle, yet a negro-hater promoted on the plea of necessity to get good officers! When Mr. Sumner let personal feelings lead him to such a step, HE BETRAYED THE NEGRO."

Again:

"Massachusetts senators reward the mutineer TO CONCILIATE HUNKER TREASON."

This aggravated statement and damnable criticism Mr. Phillips was not satisfied with rehearsing to public audiences in various cities, but he was careful to make them a portion of the last speech contained in the volume of his "Speeches, Lectures, and Letters" published the same year, and thus designedly to send them down to posterity, aspersing the motives, impeaching the integrity, and blackening the conduct of Messrs. Sumner and Wilson, who had done and suffered more in the anti-slavery cause than any other two public men in the land, and whose illustrious career, as well as upright character, should have shielded them from such a merciless attack. This was all the more wanton and inexcusable because Mr. Sumner, we are told, and also others whose testimony was unimpeachable, minutely laid before Mr. Phillips all the facts in the case, placing an almost totally different aspect upon it, and relieving "the Massachusetts senators" of all suspicion of intentional wrong-doing in the appointment of Col. Stevenson, who, however betrayed in a moment of excitement to say, in a private conversation, what Mr. Phillips imputes to him, promptly forwarded to the War Department his humble apology, as Mr. Phillips admits; and who laid down his life in the service of his country in the spirit of a brave soldier and a true patriot. In relation to Mr. Sumner in special, is this to be a "heartless and unfair critic"—or how shall it be characterized? When, on a certain occasion, at an anti-slavery celebration, Mr. Phillips contemptuously said of Henry Wilson in his speech, "I could make a better senator out of the sweepings of a bar-room caucus," because Mr. Wilson had said or done something displeasing to him, was this a just appreciation of one who, by his inherent energy and manly character, had succeeded in exchanging a cobbler's shop for the Senate Chamber of the United States, and to whose indomitable zeal and tireless industry, accompanied by sound discretion and admirable tact, the cause of freedom, in its broadest signification, owes its most important legislative triumphs?

Instances like these might be multiplied by any one who should take the

pains to search Mr. Phillips's later speeches for them, or should simply recall that in his phraseology Mr. Lincoln was once "the slave-hound of Illinois," and a certain Massachusetts major-general "a strolling mountebank." It is one thing to be a comprehensive statesman; another to be an eloquent rhetorician. Mr. Phillips not unfrequently mistakes sweeping condemnation for courageous censure, a love of paradox for a bold enunciation of the truth, and extravagance of impeachment for fidelity to the claims of the oppressed. This habit is growing upon him in proportion to the lack of provocation; while he is still listened to for his oratorical ability, his criticisms are daily becoming less valuable and less regarded.

AN ABOLITIONIST.

THOMAS FLEET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In the interesting communication of Mr. Wheeler, in last week's NATION, upon "The original Mother Goose," he speak of Thomas Fleet as having been a man of considerable wit. In the course of my reading lately I came across one or two instances verifying your correspondent's remark, a few of which I note for the benefit of your readers.

Thomas Fleet, the son-in-law of Mother Goose, first established the *Boston Weekly Rehearsal* in 1731, and afterwards the *Boston Evening Post*. Massachusetts was then a slaveholding country, and Fleet owned several negroes, two of whom he instructed in the art of printing. Their names were Pompey and Caesar—the only two *Romans*, I believe, who ever belonged to the printing fraternity. These honest fellows lived and printed until after the war of the Revolution, having become freemen by the constitution of Massachusetts of 1780. Fleet was droll and witty in the conduct of his paper, especially in his advertisements. Witness the following advertisement of one of his negro women for sale: "To be sold, by the printer of this paper, the very best negro woman in this town, who has had the small-pox and the measles; is as hearty as a horse, as brisk as a bird, will work like a beaver."

There was a common evil existing in those days, which, it is to be feared, has now become chronic. People were prone to omit paying for their newspapers. Fleet had often to complain even against men of great religious professions. On one occasion he read them quite a severe lesson upon their injustice and oppression in this respect. "Every one," says he, "thinks he has a right to read news, but few find themselves inclined to pay for it. 'T is a great pity a soil that will bear *piety* so well, should not produce a tolerable crop of honesty."

It is, moreover, slanderously reported in the ancient chronicles—in spite of Mother-in-law Gose and her ditties—that Fleet was not blessed with the most beautiful and sweet-tempered wife and daughters in Boston. On one occasion he invited a friend to dine with him on *pouts*, a kind of fish then esteemed a great delicacy, and of which he knew his friend to be remarkably fond. His domestic matters, however, did not move along very smoothly that morning, and when they sat down to table, the gentleman remarked that the *pouts* were wanting. "Oh no," said Fleet, "only look at my wife and daughters!"

WM. L. STONE.

New York, Feb. 8, 1866.

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA has just lost one of her oldest and most respected citizens by the death of Mr. George Ord in his eighty-fifth year. Mr. Ord's retiring disposition withdrew him from the public gaze, but for more than half a century his name has been known and esteemed in his own country and in Europe by all who, through a similarity of tastes and studies, were brought in contact with him. His chief published work was the memoir of his friend, Alexander Wilson, the naturalist, whose great work on the birds of America he edited and brought into its present shape, and to whose memory one of the most interesting pieces of biography in our language was consecrated. Mr. Ord's favorite pursuit was ornithology; his acquirements in that science well fitted him for the post of president of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, which he filled for many years, being, at the same time, a prominent member of the American Philosophical Society, a fellow of the Linnæan Society of London, etc. Of English philology Mr. Ord was also a devoted student. Though he never published any separate work on the subject, his co-operation was largely given to the Rev. H. J. Todd's enlargement of Dr. Johnson's dictionary and to the lexicographical labors of Dr. Webster and of Dr. Latham, whose dictionary

is now in progress in England. Mr. Ord retained to an advanced age a youthful freshness of interest in his studies and in public affairs. His last days were cheered by the return of peace and prosperity to his country.

An important work is now proceeding through the press of Messrs. T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, exemplifying a combination of German and American scholarship. The historical geography of Syria and Palestine, contained in Carl Ritter's world-renowned "Erdkunde," is well known to scholars as the most thorough and exhaustive examination of the Holy Land in every respect that is needed by the requirements of the Biblical critic and commentator, and of all who are engaged in the study of the Divine oracles, that has ever been produced. The bulk of the work has hitherto been the chief obstacle to its translation. This, however, has been undertaken by an American scholar, Mr. W. L. Gage, who was an attendant of Ritter's course of lectures at the University of Berlin, and is already favorably known by versions of two of his minor works published by Messrs. Gould, Lincoln & Co. and Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. Some condensation will be used in Mr. Gage's translation of the Palestine, but this will be more than compensated by the additions of the editor, who will add to the work the latest results of recent explorations among the sites of sacred history, now proceeding with much energy, from various sources. Mr. Gage's familiarity with continental literature and the geographers of Germany, as Kiepert, Petermann, etc., will give him great facilities for this task and enable him to bring forward much matter entirely new to English readers. The work will form four handsome volumes in octavo, and will be accompanied by maps drawn for the work by A. Keith Johnston. Mr. Gage has also in view, at no distant date, the publication of a life of Carl Ritter, with extracts from his correspondence, etc.; and, in fact, seems to have dedicated himself to the task of extending the fame of one of the great men who create a science and impress themselves ineffaceably on their age.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, announce the early appearance in this country, in conjunction with the English publishers, of Mr. Baker's important book of "Explorations at the Nile Sources," recently mentioned as forthcoming in London. They have just published, in elegant library style, the works of Philip Lindsay, D.D., late president of the University of Nashville, edited by Leroy J. Halsey, D.D., with introductory notices of his life and labors, in 3 vols. octavo, divided into "Educational, Religious, and Miscellaneous Discourses and Essays;" a new book by Dr. W. L. Plumer, "Jehovah Jireh, a Treatise on Providence;" the collection of hymns authorized by the House of Bishops, at the last general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States; "The Student's Practical Chemistry," a text-book on chemical physics and inorganic and organic chemistry, by Henry Morton, Secretary of the Franklin Institute, and Albert R. Leeds; "Mosaics of Life," by Elizabeth A. Thurston; the "History of Usury," from the earliest period to the present time, with a statement of the conflict of laws in different States and countries and an examination into the policy and the effect of them on commerce, by J. B. C. Murray, and a large number of English books brought out conjointly with the London publishers.

The interminable foreign copyright question has again come up before the Court of Queen's Bench in relation to the proprietorship of an opera by the German composer Nicolai, the owner of which sought to stop a surreptitious publication. Music and books are both subject to the same form of legal procedure; in fact, for many years the law of foreign copyright depended on a decision growing out of the contested right to publish Bellini's "Sonnambula." As it is a question of importance to a large class in the United States, we give the points relied on by the lawyer for the piratical defendant, that claimants from this country may see the technicalities required. "Mr. Coleridge said he was prepared to prove that there was no English copyright on the original works or any of them; and that, assuming there was such copyright, the plaintiff had not got it; and thirdly, that assuming there was an English copyright, and that it had been assigned to the plaintiff under the provisions of the act, he should, beside the entry of the assignment, make an entry of his proprietorship, and that he had made no such entry. Next, that the place of publishing the original was stated to be Berlin, but there were several places called Berlin. Next, that in the assignment the name of the assignee was stated, but not the place of abode, as required by the 13th section of the act. And, lastly, that the date of the original publication, within twelve months of which the registry should take place, had not been fixed." It will be seen by this that the objections are all founded on matters of detail, the principle of the late decision in "Law vs. Routledge," that foreigners can hold and transfer a copyright in England being distinctly recognized by all parties.

Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Co., of Edinburgh, who have for many years conducted in this city, with marked success, an agency for the sale of their

publications, announce "that, in order more thoroughly to accommodate themselves to the requirements of the American trade," they are about to add to their business as importers that of manufacturers of books in this country as American publishers. They issue in England the writings of Mrs. Charles, the authoress of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family" and other works, whose sudden popularity among all classes of readers in this country now equals that of Mrs. H. B. Stowe in the palmy days of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Messrs. Nelson are also publishers of the series of books by a lady who writes under the signature of "A. L. O. E.," these, though perhaps not very familiar to the older branches of a family, find readers by the hundred thousand among the young, and take their place in every Sunday-school library in the land. They commence their career as American publishers by the issue of a new work by this "well-known and favorite writer," "Rescued from Egypt," in the present month.

—It is announced on competent authority that the entire mass of manuscripts left by Walter Savage Landor has been placed in the hands of John Forster, to be used at his discretion in the preparation of a memoir, etc., of the late venerable Nestor of English literature. The bulk of these materials, including journals, diaries, letters, etc., is so extensive as to fill ten large cases. The correspondence, in particular, is very ample; for though Landor passed a large portion of the later years of his life abroad, he never ceased to keep up his interest in, and connection with, his native country. Personal relations, probably, as well as fitness for the task, have directed the choice of a biographer. For many years past the communications, often wayward and erratic, of Walter Savage Landor have found an honored place in Mr. Forster's paper, the *Examiner*. It may be feared that a work of this nature may yet further retard the appearance of the "Life and Journals of Dean Swift," so long promised and so repeatedly delayed, from his pen, and also the library edition, enlarged and re-written, of the "Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth," of which the recent biography of Sir John Eliot (3 vols. 8vo, 1864) may be taken as a sample of what they are to be in their improved state. Mr. Forster is now in the prime of a working literary life, somewhat past his fiftieth year, but he has, besides too great variety of occupation, two excellent excuses for procrastination—a lucrative public appointment as Commissioner of Lunacy, and a fine private fortune in right of his wife, who was the widow of Mr. Henry Colburn, the celebrated publisher.

—Mr. Murray has just published an elegant volume, with illustrations from the antique, "The Agamemnon of Æschylus and Bacchanals of Euripides," with passages from the lyric and later poets of Greece, translated by Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. It is just forty years since Dean Milman published the last of the poetical dramas, "Anna Boleyn," that constituted his titles to literary reputation in the early part of this century. Since that time he has taken rank among the first historians of the age by his standard works on the Jewish nation and early and Latin Christianity. The recurrence to former pursuits after so long an interval of severer studies, and at the advanced age of seventy-five years, is an interesting example of literary activity of mind and the persistence of early tastes through changes of time and object. Dr. Milman's versions are marked with the spirit and elegance that characterize all his productions, and display no symptoms of senility in the writer.

—An announcement of interest appears in Messrs. Longman & Co.'s last list of forthcoming publications: "Lord Macaulay's Works. Complete and Uniform Library Edition. Edited by his Sister, Lady Trevelyan. 8 vols. octavo, with Portrait." As no mention of any new unpublished matter accompanies the notice, it is probably in vain to expect at this time much accession to Lord Macaulay's acknowledged writings, though if the collection merely includes the works already published in so many different forms, it is not very apparent what need there can be for an editor at all. The next generation will probably be more familiar with the correspondence, etc., of Macaulay than the present, as it is easy to understand how a decorous reticence may keep back from publication much that may have been written by one so honest and thorough in his likings and dislikings of public men and measures, whether of past centuries or of the present day, and so unguarded in his expression of them. An intelligent search among the periodicals and the *Times* newspaper about the period of Macaulay's college career would undoubtedly be rewarded by some additions to his works. Only a portion of his papers in "Knight's Quarterly Review" has been reprinted. Mr. Bohn has preserved a clever election squib or *jeu d'esprit*, written in 1826, in his edition of "Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual." An early volume of "Macmillan's Magazine" contained an elaborate critical estimate of Warburton's "Divine Legation of Moses," copied from the fly-leaves of a volume read by Macaulay for the first time, in India, and which was

sold at the disposal of a portion of his library shortly after his decease. It was found, when too late to recover them, that many other of the books sacrificed at the same time were enriched in a similar manner with annotations; but as Macaulay, like most people who really use their books, was comparatively indifferent to their appearance and condition, a large part of his collection presented a very poor appearance to the eyes of a bibliomaniac, and this, without examination, was sapiently consigned to the auctioneer and irreparably scattered.

—A translation of Prof. Hagenbach's "Church History of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries" is in progress, undertaken by Dr. B. H. Nadal and Rev. J. F. Hurst, whose "History of Rationalism" was lately published by Messrs. C. Scribner & Co. Contemporary history of any description is always the most difficult to obtain a correct knowledge of, and Dr. Hagenbach's work is perhaps the only accessible form in which the great spiritual movements that underlie much of the temporal and political history of the last century and a half can be studied. A portion of the book has been translated in Edinburgh, and published separately under the title of "History of German Rationalism." The whole will be included in Messrs. Nadal and Hurst's version, with copious indexes and other helps to facilitate its currency among American readers.

—Mr. George W. Carleton announces as in press and shortly to appear a number of new works, principally in the departments of light literature, of which his establishment has poured forth so ample a supply. Among them are, "The House by the Churchyard: a Novel," by J. Sheridan Le Fanu, we believe; "Josh Billings, his Book," a collection of the humorous writings of Mr. Henry W. Shaw, extensively circulated under that pseudonym; "Recommended to Mercy" and "Beyminstre," two new novels; a new illustrated edition of "The Culprit Fay," and "Jargal," one of Victor Hugo's early sensational romances, hitherto unpublished in this country. Mr. Carleton's "Artist in Cuba" furnished the public with some acceptable memoranda from his sketch-book of a visit last winter to the Queen of the Antilles. He has recently started on an excursion to Peru, and will, we hope, find exercise for his pencil among the belles and beaux of Lima and the Pacific coast. He will also issue later in the season a new edition, complete in one volume, of "Souvenirs of Travel," by Mme. Octavia Walton Le Vert; an uniform impression, in three volumes, of Mr. Newell's "Orpheus C. Kerr Papers," that are now puzzling the English critics in the cheap non-copyright reprints; and "Adrift in Dixie," by Edmund Kirke.

—A fair opportunity was lately afforded for the exercise of Dean Stanley's peculiar talent as a great historical word-painter, on an occasion that was well calculated to call out all his powers. On Thursday, December 28, last, he addressed a crowded and attentive audience on the eight hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of his own church, the building where his audience were that day assembled—the new Abbey of Westminster, rebuilt by Edward the Confessor on the 28th December, A.D. 1065, a few days before his own death and a few months only before the Battle of Hastings. Of course but little remains of the original fabric of the building in the present well-known structure. Enough, however, is preserved to satisfy the sense of unbroken identity and historical continuity. This was well applied in Dr. Stanley's discourse, in which, by a picturesque and brilliant historical survey, he impressed on his hearers the solemn sense of national continuity. He painfully brought before them the character of the pious but weak and mystic Confessor; the heavy pressure of doubt and gloom which hung over the nation in anticipation of his approaching decease as the first assembly gathered within those walls; the great crisis that so rapidly followed; and the whole grand stream of national life that was colored by influences then at work, till it mingled with the eddies and currents of the passing hour. Dr. Stanley's text referred to an earlier dedication, and was taken from John x, 22, 23, "And it was at Jerusalem the feast of the dedication, and it was winter, and Jesus walked in the temple in Solomon's porch." He drew a parallel of the feelings with which the Jews, and probably Christ himself, regarded the feast of a dedication of the one temple (not the original foundation, but a rebuilding by Judas Maccabeus), occurring in the same wintry season with those recalled by the history of the renowned building where he then spoke; and while enlarging eloquently on the faith and hope in which the great abbey was founded, and the charity it had dispensed in past days, did not omit to appeal for the charitable institutions of the present. The discourse is in press and will be published.

—In the brisk competition of trade, the influence of literature is accommodated to strange uses. An enterprising dealer in London announces a volume elegantly "got up," with beautiful vignette monograms, colored engravings, etc., entitled "Essay and Essence," containing a poem, "Odor of Hybla; or, Floral Sprites," and says that "the volume, besides its literary

and artistic attractions, contains within it a casket of new and choice perfumes appropriately called 'Floral Sprites.' This beats the well-known boast of Warren, the blacking-maker, that "we keeps a poet," and it has been left for the present age to offer the public a sample of the intellectual and material wares of the manufacturer tastefully combined.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN MASSACHUSETTS.*

THE popular knowledge of the religious history of Massachusetts begins, it may be safely asserted, with the landing of the Pilgrims, in 1620, and ends with the hanging of Mary Dyer, on Boston Common, some forty years afterward. When you have mentioned these two considerable enough events, there comes a general pause in the conversation—much as if "Connecticut" and "Blue-laws" had been suggested to the same company; nor is it quite certain that you, reader, or we, the present writer, could break the awkward silence except that Mr. Buck has written a book for the purpose of enlightening us, and there is no longer any excuse for our being ignorant on the subject. It is not a bulky volume, yet it covers the whole ground of ecclesiastical law. Moderate in text, it is copious in reference. The work of an Orthodox Congregationalist, it is unsectarian, and displays a wide familiarity with the tenets and internal experience of other denominations. The compromise between the lawyer and the historian is happily effected. The narrative flows along with a steady interest, with every now and then a ripple of humor that makes one forget the grave theological warfare—the bitterest and most implacable in which the human mind can indulge—that underlies this peaceful discussion.

The political enemies of Massachusetts have found it convenient to lash the men of this generation over the backs of their Puritan forefathers. The bloody intolerance shown towards the Quakers, though it lasted hardly a score of months, has been, *mutatis mutandis*, imputed in a right line to those whose real inheritance has been a love of liberty, of general education, and of honest industry. Contemptible as is this imputation, it is a tribute to the vitality of the Puritan influence, and so not altogether baseless. Indeed, this book will have few readers outside of the profession from which it emanates who will not be constantly and heartily surprised by the recent date of statutes, cases, and judicial decisions which seem to belong to the seventeenth rather than the nineteenth century. It is understood, of course, that the law was seldom the measure of religious freedom, which, in the periods when it slumbered, outgrew it; but this only made its awakening at the summons of litigation all the more formidable and all the stranger.

The religious welfare and instruction of the people, and their participation in the forms and burthens of divine worship, were as much a concern to the early colonists as their attention to civil obligations. There were, from 1693 to 1711, as many as fifty grants in aid of feeble churches: The statutes of 1800 contained exact and definite penalties for such towns as neglected to supply good preaching to their inhabitants. Indictments were not uncommon, especially in Essex County. Taxes were assessed and levied for the support of the Gospel as of the Government. All landholders, whether resident or non-resident, were subjected to this impost, albeit they might never have seen the minister nor entered the meeting-house. This rule was mitigated in 1811 for the latter class, who were taxed to support a minister of their own denomination, if such there was in the town. Corporations were taxed, like individuals, even as late as 1831, and the woollen factory and the nail factory were reckoned *pro rata* among the faithful. Statutes subsequent to the Bill of Rights (1780) permitted a man's tax to be paid to the minister of his own sect, provided he was a regular attendant on his service, but otherwise it must go to the Congregational preacher. The statute of 1799 authorized the town to omit taxing those who belonged to dissenting churches, or gave ministers leave to recover from the town treasurer the taxes derived from their parishioners. Not till 1811, the date of the "religious freedom act," might one leave, independently of scruples the old established Congregational society for an Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, or Universalist society in the same town, with the certainty that his tax would eventually reach his own minister. Meanwhile, no man could escape contributing. Walpole ordered in town meeting, in 1832, a tax for the support of the Gospel, and arrested a Mr. Fisher who refused to pay his portion. Neither could any citizen with impunity avoid going to meeting. The statute of 1791 fined all able-bodied men ten shillings for an absence of three months; and it was not repealed till 1835. Such was the force of tradition and custom that when the constitution was revised in 1820, and the Bill of Rights had been amended by inserting the enabling act of 1811, the

people threw out the amendment by a large majority, and, by a still larger, voted that the overseers of Harvard College should not be taken from all denominations.

The nice discrimination of the man who could not be moved to tears by a pathetic discourse, because he was not the parson's parishioner, was an enviable quality "in good old colony times," and even later. Originally the parish was territorial, and a person who wanted to attend a different meeting had to be transferred, lands and all, to a new parish. In 1838, a member of the Orthodox society of Malden, having formally retired from it, applied for admittance at the First Parish, but was refused. Judge of the astonishment of the parish when it learned in court that it could not help itself—that everybody who could not show that he belonged elsewhere was presumably and *ex necessitate* a member of the oldest parish. But the question of membership was most alarmingly brought home in 1835, when it appeared that parishioners were individually liable for the debts of the parish; and owners of bank stock ran races with the sheriff, in haste to dissolve their membership before the hammer fell. But the Revised Statutes of the following year declared that no one could be a member of a religious society without his consent in writing.

Though the greatest reverence was formerly felt and manifested towards ministers in Massachusetts, they were not by the law regarded as a separate class. They were simply laymen exempt from watch and ward, and military and jury duty. Their tenure, unless specified in terms, was for life, and determinable only for some good and sufficient cause, or by the consent of both parties. Time has hardly lessened the legal difficulties in the way of getting rid of one who is resolved not to quit his pulpit except under constraint. As for settling a minister, the good people of the State reposed for two centuries in the delusion that no practice could be more firmly or uniformly established. Simultaneously, however, with that great political unsettlement called the Missouri Compromise, the religious world was visited with an upheaval with which heresy had only a casual connection, though reaping instant and singular advantages. It had been the custom from the beginning for church and parish to unite in settling the pastor, and the question of a schism had never come before the courts till 1818, when Dedham parish elected a Unitarian against a majority of quite two-thirds of the church members. In that year and the following, on appeal from the church, the pleadings and facts in the case were duly considered by judge and jury, and in 1820 it was argued before the full bench of the Supreme Court. The final decision, like the two first, was adverse to the petitioners, and declared that the church by seceding had lost its existence—having none, in fact, apart from the parish—and forfeited its property. Such was the law in "Puritan" Massachusetts, and the result of this memorable exposition was that half the towns in the eastern part of the State saw orthodox churches ejected from their meeting-houses. This, it may well be imagined, was a hardship grievous to be borne. It was attended with every degree of aggravation. In one instance, in 1830, the orthodox church and minister seceded, leaving only two male members behind; yet they had to abandon their house, records, and communion furniture. More intolerable than the loss of their possessions, or the breaking up of old associations, must have been the thought of the desecration of the sanctuary by the false faith by which they were extruded.

When no controversy raged between the church and the parish, sometimes the parish and the town were at loggerheads. Here the moot point was the ownership of the meeting-house, which was judicially decided to belong to the former. The town could not complain if the parish refused its house for municipal purposes, even the most patriotic, as to celebrate the Fourth of July. Nay, when the town had used and repaired the meeting-house during seventy years, it still was not allowed to have suffered wrong when the parish pulled the structure down about the municipal ears.

Reverting for a moment to the ministers and the respect accorded to them, it remains to be added that, by the colony laws, they were not permitted to solemnize marriages till 1695, and then co-ordinately with justices of the peace. The present statute confers the requisite authority on "any minister of the Gospel ordained according to the usages of his denomination, who resides within the State, and continues to perform the functions of his office;" and wherever reference is made to a minister in this capacity, *he* is the pronoun regularly employed. Since Mr. Buck's work has appeared, the question has curiously arisen whether, under this statute, a woman can lawfully perform the marriage ceremony. Miss Olympia Brown is the ordained and officiating pastor of the church at Weymouth Landing, and is said to have tied the matrimonial knot on more than one occasion. The doubts engendered by a strict interpretation of the law occasioned last month the introduction in the Massachusetts House of Representatives of an order instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to consider whether any legisla-

* "Massachusetts Ecclesiastical Law. By Edward Buck, of the Suffolk Bar." Gould & Lincoln, Boston; Sheldon & Co., New York. Pp. 310. 1866.

tion was needed upon the subject. The committee unanimously reported to the contrary, and thus gave a generic instead of a sexual significance to the ambiguous part of speech.

The General Statutes of 1860 and 1865 exhibit perhaps most forcibly in the chapters on the observance of the Lord's Day the vigor of the Puritan tradition. Whoever should endeavor to obtain from them an accurate idea of the actual observance of that day would be not a little misled. They are, however, potentially operative, as the citizens of Boston became aware, not long since, under the administration of the new State Constable. But the annoyance to which their enforcement gave rise, and the ridicule which it brought upon the officials, practically soon put an end to the attempt to regulate the manners of to-day by the old-time restrictions. The business of the age, in demanding greater facilities for travel and wider opportunities for recreation, has enlarged so that they can never be restricted within their former proportions the liberties of the day of rest. The foreigner still remarks the funereal air of Boston when church bells are tolling and, in sombre procession, the black-robed citizens wend their way to the house of prayer. "A l'heure du prêche," says a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, quoting from his diary of Dec. 11, 1864,—"à l'heure du prêche, les familles défilent en silence, la tête basse, habillées de noir, comme une procession d'enterrement. Cependant les églises sonnent les offices en volées lentes et tristes comme un glas funèbre." Yet the horse-car rumbles through the streets, while in Philadelphia, that never hanged a Quaker on any of its parks, the church and the suburbs alike must be reached on foot by whoever cannot command a carriage. Already it has been earnestly sought to open the reading-room of the Public Library on Sunday. These are but signs of the changes which public sentiment has undergone "dans la vieille colonie puritaine" in regard to "dimanche, jour lugubre."

In taking leave of this pleasant book, if we glance at the case of Abner Kneeland, 1834-38, it is only to remark that it is not possible that any person should be again imprisoned in Massachusetts for such "blasphemy" as was detected in his avowal:

"The Universalists believe in a God which I do not; but believe that their God, with all his moral attributes, aside from nature itself, is nothing more than a chimera of their own imagination."

In 1820 the Universalists were almost as obnoxious as their infidel critic, for their testimony was objected to in the courts, though without success. In 1848 atheists were excluded. But the law now suffers anybody to testify, with the understanding that his credibility may be affected if possible by a representation of his peculiar belief. Great steps have been taken by Massachusetts toward religious liberty in the interval bounded by the gibbet in 1660 and the open witness-stand in 1860. Instead of asking what obstacles to this progress must be attributed to the Puritan colonists, it would be wiser to enquire how so much progress could have been so prudently and quietly made without the Puritan obedience to conscience and to law. The society which they founded contained the germs of the nobler development we now admire: they were not borrowed from without. The bench they instituted gives tone to the judiciary of the country; their pulpit ministers to the Pacific coast.

MARTIN'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.*

IT is now too late to offer any criticism, even if any were needed, on M. Martin's history. It has long since taken its place as the greatest, in fact we may say the first, history of France, and will probably hold it. The task of narrating the entire history of any country from the earliest period to our day is one from which writers every year shrink with greater and greater dread. The publication of private correspondence, discovery of fresh records, the closer and more careful examination of national archives, are constantly increasing the quantity of material available for the history of every civilized state. And as materials increase, the labor of sifting and arranging them increases also; the chances of mistakes and oversights multiply; and criticism becomes at the same time only more and more exacting. No man with the smallest regard for his reputation would now dare to write history as it was written a century ago. Anybody who in our day sits down to write the history of a nation has to make up his mind to devote his life to it, and, what is still harder, to familiarize himself with the chance of his life proving far too short for the task. And then he can rarely enter on it in youth. The judgment, the critical acumen, the lore, the knowledge of languages, of law, of men and manners and literature; the acquaintance with libraries, archives, and other great mines of authority, and the reputation necessary to gain access to them, come to few men before their working years are half

over. Youthful historians of any mark are all but unknown. Consequently, as but few men are content with posthumous fame, and but few feel within themselves the courage to grapple with whole centuries of national life, the tendency of writers to restrict themselves to monographs on particular periods increases every year. We have abundance of histories of revolutions, of certain reigns, of short and interesting crises, but not many complete histories. M. Martin would, therefore, be likely to wear his laurels undisturbed, even if his claims to them were less indisputable.

It is therefore not his work, but Miss Booth's translation, that calls for any notice here. We confess we were not deterred from an examination of the manner in which she has executed her task, either by M. Martin's commendatory letter, or the scarcely less laudatory "opinions of the press" by which it is followed in the publishers' advertisement. M. Martin is himself hardly competent to say that the translation "is elegant without artificiality, vigorous without stiffness, and always clear," and the relations of the press with publishers are generally so enchantingly cordial that one is apt to take up "book-notices," both in the daily and weekly papers, with almost as much expectation of getting from them a true idea of the value of the works reviewed, as of getting a fair analysis of the character of the principal guest from the president of a public dinner. What we read may be all true, but then critics are so dreadfully good-natured.

Now we feel bound to say that Miss Booth's translation is most faithful and accurate, but, with all respect for M. Martin, it is unquestionably "stiff," and the French peeps out through the English very frequently with unpleasant plainness. It is for instance incorrect to say (p. 2, Vol. XV.) that the Duke of Orleans "had nothing that belongs to the leader of a party." Of course he had a great many things in common with the leader of a party. In accurate English this should be expressed, none of the distinguishing characteristics of a party leader. Nor is it correct to say that his "self-love was at stake," in the contest between him and the Duc du Maine. It was the power of the regency that was at stake; the self-love of the Duke of Orleans was "roused." Nor do we talk in "elegant" English of a man's being "possessed by a fixed idea, which he carried to monomania." The fixed idea produces monomania. Nor is it usual to say in decent English, "that we are seized with vertigo on thus contemplating the audacity," etc. (p. 54). This is a strictly French expression, which rendered literally in this way has a very comical sound. In idiomatic English one does not get beyond being amazed, confounded, astonished, or overwhelmed, or thunder-struck, by any amount of audacity. One never thinks of describing the physical accompaniments of his emotions, or, if he does, he simply says he "grows dizzy."

We might point out hundreds of blemishes of this sort, but they would be but slight blemishes after all. The translation is on the whole eminently faithful and accurate, and even the faults we have found with it might, on at least one theory of a translator's duties, be defended, we do not say successfully. The way in which the discussions of some of the financial and philosophical questions are rendered is a very remarkable example both of knowledge of French and command of English.

The two volumes before us are devoted to the most interesting period in French history—perhaps, we might even say, in the history of the civilized world—the decline of the monarchy beginning with the death of Louis XIV. and ending with the Revolution. There is no other such description of that "great awakening," and there is certainly no such description and analysis of French society as it existed immediately before the Revolution. When we quoted Montesquieu last summer as an authority upon the meaning of the phrase "republican form of government," as it was used by jurists and philosophers in the last century, and inserted in our Constitution, some sage writer in the *Boston Transcript* pooh-poohed him with the most amusing ignorance as a "Frenchman," and raved a good deal over our impety in quoting him. If that luminous expounder of the Constitution still keeps his piercing eye on THE NATION, let us recommend him to peruse faithfully M. Martin's chapter on the great French jurist and his influence. He will there find out what place Montesquieu occupied in the eyes of his contemporaries both in Europe and America, and why he occupied it, and why it is that there is no better authority than he for the sense in which every term of political science was used from the appearance of the *Esprit des Lois* until the close of the century.

A NEST OF SINGING BIRDS.

AT this inclement season, when all the influences of nature are averse to song, when the robins and larks and blue-birds have gone away to beguile the tedious moments of reconstruction to our Southern brethren, and when musical gentlemen and ladies plead sore-throats in all companies, we find our book-table vocal with pc. ts, breaking into loud notes of treble and bass

* "History of France from the most Remote Period to 1789. By Henri Martin. Vols. XV. and XVI. *The Decline of the French Monarchy*. Translated from the fourth Paris edition by Mary L. Booth. Boston: Walker, Fuller & Co. 1866.

It is a concert without which we could be happy, at moments; but, on the whole, we are not disposed to complain. The human organism becomes habituated to great degrees of suffering, and a new poet causes us comparatively little uneasiness. We take him up, and let him go through one or two of the little things he has arranged from Tennyson or Browning, and put him as softly down as we can. We trust we are not often harsh or unfriendly in our touch, for we aim always to be patient. If sometimes a frail wing is broken, or delicate plumage ruffled, we think it is the hard truth that is at fault, and we are sorry that there should be any truth in a world that poets live in.

Let us, however, putting sensibility aside, turn to our task, and attend to the singers accumulated since our last publication.

"Maromin"* is the name of a tale in verse, and of the lovely Indian maid who marries one of its army of heroes. The story is descriptive of pioneer life in Minnesota, of scenes in the rebellion, and in the massacre of the Minnesota settlers by the Sioux. We have read so far into the history of all this as to be in at the death of the wicked enemy whose wiles drove Richard Thornton away from Syracuse, in this State, to the far West, who pursued him thither, and who fell before the rifle of Uncle Darling, afterwards bushwhacked and slain in Kansas. We have also (having a perennial interest to know what becomes of people in romances) glanced at the close of the book, and learned that

"There comes a sound of marriage bells"

after much tumult of battle; but what are the incidents of the poem, we leave the reader to enquire for himself. The author will scarcely believe that we have for the most part found him very commonplace; but he will perhaps be persuaded that we think him by no means destitute of poetic feeling, that we like his boldness in seeking to poetize a theme of everyday life, and that we sincerely lament the want of culture which is partly to blame for his failure. He tells us in his preface that he is the commercial editor of one of the St. Louis journals, and he frankly confesses defects which are obvious enough. We willingly believe that he has of himself hit upon some æsthetic truths exemplified in the poetry of Wordsworth and Patmore, but we cannot help wishing he had sought in literature other sources of inspiration than the newspapers and "Harper's Magazine," and that he had tried to shape his utterance rather less according to the "progressive, individualizing ideas" of the West; for, after all, the use of the English tongue is something that all sections have in common.

"The late Park Benjamin," says a note in "Grondalla,"†—"the late Park Benjamin, whose literary taste and ability as a critic are well known," had the temerity to advise the publication of "Grondalla," having read it in manuscript, and found it "as interesting in narrative as Tennyson's late poems." The candor of this judgment we shall not impugn; but of its worth, and of the quality of "Grondalla," let the reader judge from the vivid interest of a passage taken at random from the book:

"During the time the words above were said,
Were two young ladies wandering alone.
'O Edith,' Clara said, 'one thing is sure,
That Ella loves young Dorset; 'tis for him
My brother is deserted: marked you not
How gentle were her words whene'er to him
They were addressed,—how very sweet her smile?
Far more so than such friendship would require.
All, all is manifest; I see it now;
She has been faithless to her early love
For a new suitor, who can never be
What Julian is and would have been to her.'

"Stay, stay, dear Clara,' Edith did reply,
'Be not so hasty: recollect, my friend,
That Ella ne'er had seen young Dorset when
Thy brother's oft repeated letters came.
Thou hast forgotten; many months went by
Ere Dorset at Grondalla did arrive.'

"Ah, so it was," said Clara; "viewing him
As but a near connexion, I did not
With care regard the circumstance, although
I recollect his interest at the dance;
Yet that, may be, was natural. But e'en so,
She surely loves him now; thou must, I think,
Have noticed what will lead thee to arrive
At that conclusion."

We do not, ourselves, find this cast of thing so interesting as Tennyson's late poems, and upon the whole we should prefer the quiet fable of the laureate's romances to the thrilling narrative of "Grondalla," and if you come to poetic feeling and art, we think that he has again the advantage.

Mr. Robert Leighton‡ gives us "Musings" and "Sonnets," but no poems, so far as we have been able to learn, though his work has every external appearance of poetry. He is evidently a man of cultivation

* "Maromin: A Rhythmical Romance of Minnesota, the Great Rebellion, and the Minnesota Massacre. By Myron Colonye." St. Louis: Published by the Author. 1866.

† "Grondalla. A Romance in Verse. By Idamore." New York: Sheldon & Co. 1866.

‡ "Poems by Robert Leighton." Liverpool: Edward Howell. 1866.

and good taste, and we have reason to think that he does not differ from some millions of other cultivated and refined people, but that he is "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer," as they; he apparently bleeds like them, being pricked, and laughs like them, being tickled. There is nothing to prove him born in Arcadia or created with a vocation to song. We suspect, however, that his verse is the worst thing about him; but this is terrible, being always diluted and respectable to the verge of Tupper and the "Country Parson," as the reader need not go further than the first page of the book to learn:

"The records of a life should be a poem;
We need not go abroad for stones to build
Our monumental glory; every soul
Has in it the material for its temple.
The universal beauty is our own;
We steep our thoughts in sunsets, and we hang
Our adoration on the morning star,
And yet from us they get that alchemy
Whereby they strangely move us. Nought is ours
But that which has gone from us. Therefore 'tis
That disappointments often tread upon
The toes of expectation. Things without
Are bare until we clothe them. Let us seek
Each one our gods in our immediate heaven:
There is no breathing for us in another;
But either is the air too coarse and weighs
Like nightmare on our thoughts, or 'tis too fine,
And, like the atmosphere of mountain tops,
Usurps the brain, and finds insidious way
Into its chambers, pressing out the soul,
Till death o'ercome us in the guise of sleep."

The badness of heart laid to the charge of him

"Who first wrote satire with no pity in it,"

cannot be justly attributed to the author of "The Omnibus,"* a poem in which the follies and vices of London town are touched with as little severity as we have ever known follies and vices to meet. The satirist mounts outside a London omnibus, and rides through the thronged thoroughfares, viewing the motley life of the capital, and noting boot-blacks, match-boys, and policemen, and chiefly the feeble sculptures exposed in Trafalgar Square; and then, descending from his perch, he listens to prominent preachers, and comments upon their opinions and ideas. The greater part of the satire is devoted to this discussion, and we learn with satisfaction that the author's feelings are in favor of liberal and progressive Christianity. In fact, we like his views much better than his wit, which we do not find very pungent, even when printed in italics, and pointed with marks of admiration. Occasionally, moreover, the heroic verse is not well managed, and the poem lacks finish as well as vigor.

Social Life of the Chinese. With some Account of their Religious, Governmental, Educational, and Business Customs and Opinions. With special but not exclusive reference to Fuhchau. By Rev. Justus Doolittle. Two vols. (Harper & Bros., New York.)—It cannot be said of this work as of a recent French publication (*Etudes sur la Chine contemporaine*, by M. Maurice Irlon), that it is "the most philosophical and most rigorously analytical work of which the Middle Kingdom has hitherto been the subject or the pretext;" nor of Mr. Doolittle's chapters as of these ten studies, that they are "linked in the strictest sequence (*enchaînées par un ordre sévère*)." In the first place, our American author, lacking the facilities of the secretary and interpreter of Gen. de Montauban, had a narrower field of observation, and honestly refrained from generalizations beyond his experience. Next, he preferred the rôle of narrator to that of philosopher, and was especially concerned to portray the "social and religious practices and sentiments of the Chinese," with which fourteen years of missionary life at Fuhchau had made him familiar. And, lastly, the contents of these two volumes first saw the day in the columns of a Hong Kong newspaper. The fact that in their original form they were so highly approved by English and American residents in China as to cause them to solicit the writer to collect and republish them, is Mr. Doolittle's best excuse for having done so without the leisure to re-write, re-arrange, and condense them. A tolerable literary man-of-all-work, however, could easily have accomplished this job, and might with advantage have been employed. While repetition and a want of order and conciseness thus fatigue the reader, and rob him of the full measure of his enjoyment, he will readily admit that he has made a considerable addition to his previous stock of information. Somewhat laboriously, indeed, he will have arrived at a pretty clear conception of that society in which filial piety seems almost the only virtue, and female infanticide the most prevalent vice not connected with popular superstitions; while the commonly peaceful and inoffensive Chinaman, if scratched (like your Russian, whose skin covers a Tartar, or your quondam Southern chevalier, a Legree below the cuticle), reveals the cruel and revolting barbarian. Mr. Doolittle's office is to preach, but he was wise enough to see that the moral of his narrative needed no lengthy pointing from him. He sets forth plainly the obstacles to the progress of Christian civilization, but we cannot wholly agree with his method of overcoming them. He protests, as every one must, against the opium traffic, seeing how infamous it was in its conception and how disastrous it is in its effects on the habits and character of the Chinese—how hostile, in short, to any effort for social reform and religious and political enlightenment. But

* "The Omnibus. A Satire." Trübner & Co., London.

when he asks (ii., 361): "Ought not Protestant Western Christians to be willing to spend as much money annually in the missionary work in China as is annually made by Protestant Western merchants in China from traffic in opium?" we are not ready with our affirmative. "A few hundred individuals," he adds (p. 362), "actuated by the love of Money, are annually doing very much more to demoralize and destroy the Chinese than all the millions of Christians in Christendom, constrained by the love of Jesus, are doing to benefit and save them." It seems to us that these unprincipled devotees of Mammon are, then, the first objects of missionary labor, and, after them, the governments of Great Britain and the United States, which protect their citizens in importing opium into China. The present competition between trade and the Bible is manifestly (if Mr. Doolittle's statement be true) unequal and, for the latter, almost hopeless.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE WORKS OF THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE. Revised Edition. Vol. IV. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

A NOBLE LIFE. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Harper & Bros., New York.

SIMPLICITY AND FASCINATION. By Anne Beale. Second Edition. Loring, Boston. (O. S. Felt, New York.)

A YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION. Fort Pillow to the End. By William M. Thayer. Walker, Fuller & Co., Boston. (A. D. F. Randolph, New York.)

ESPERANCE. By Meta Lander. Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE LOST BRIDE; OR, THE ASTROLOGER'S PROPHECY FULFILLED. By T. S. Arthur. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. (F. A. Brady, New York.)

MOAICIS OF HUMAN LIFE. By Elizabeth A. Thurston.—JEREMIAH JIREH: A TREATISE ON PROVIDENCE. By William S. Plumer, D.D., LL.D.—POEMS. By Annie E. Clark. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. (Sheldon & Co.; James Miller, New York.)

THE SHADOW OF CHRISTIANITY; OR, THE GENESIS OF THE CHRISTIAN STATE. By the author of the "Apocastasis." Hurd & Houghton, New York; E. P. Dutton & Co., Boston.

MILITARY MEASURES OF THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS, 1861—1865. By Henry Wilson, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. D. Van Nostrand, New York.

Science.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

MOTIONS in plants have been long recognized, some of them by all who have taken the trouble to use their unaided eyes, and others only by such as have had recourse to the microscope. Among the latter movements are those of the spores or seeds of some of the lowest members of the vegetable kingdom, produced by means of slender, vibrating filaments—movements by which such spores are driven through the water, just as are many of the infusorial animals, for which even Ehrenberg mistook some of them. Among the motions visible to the naked eye are the infinitely various movements seen in the slow opening and closing of the petals of most flowers, or the quicker motions of the stamens of the bearberry, of the leaves of Venus's flytrap, or of the sensitive plant, which follow so readily the touch of an insect or of the point of a pin; and, finally, the truly wonderful motions of the *hedyosarum*, an East India plant, the leaflets of which, sometimes slowly and sometimes quickly, according to their condition and exposure to light and heat, revolve in ellipses occasionally, as observed by De Candolle, as often as once in a second. One can hardly look at such a plant without the feeling that its activity is closely akin to that of a voluntary movement.

The motions of the tendrils of some of the vines was noticed by Dutrochet, Mohl, and other botanists, and have recently been studied by Professor Gray. Mr. Darwin, who justly ranks among the best and most trustworthy of living observers, was induced by the observations of this last-mentioned naturalist to make a series of experiments of his own, which have led to very remarkable results, not only in regard to tendrils, but to climbing plants in general, showing that they are endowed with properties strikingly analogous to, if not of the same kind as, certain qualities of animals.

First of all, it may be premised that climbing is effected by a real motion in the plant and not by a continued growing around a support, as commonly believed, and that these motions may have their seat either in the stem, the leaves, or the tendrils. Only a few examples of them can be given here, but for full details the reader is referred to Mr. Darwin's admirable memoir (Nos. 33 and 34, Vol. IX., of the Journal of the Linnean Society; Section, Botany).

As an example of a stem-climber the common hop may be taken. When a young vine rises from the ground, or a new shoot pushes from a cut stem, the first three joints are straight and stationary; but the fourth, after attaining a certain size, begins to bend to one side, and then turns in succession to all points of the compass, moving with the sun, and describing a complete circle. The first motions are slow, but soon acquire greater speed, when an average revolution is completed in two hours and eight minutes. These

motions are kept up for about five days, when the joint in which they began straightens up and becomes rigid. In the meantime other joints have been developed, and have in turn taken up the motion; and as long as the plant grows this process is repeated. Mr. Darwin has recorded his observations on more than forty species of stem-climbing plants, in which there is much variety, some moving slower and others quicker than the hop. A species of *phaseolus*, for example, finished its revolutions in one hour and seventeen minutes, while other species belonging to other genera required eight, ten, or even sixteen hours.

The most remarkable instance given of the distance traversed by a revolving stem was in a *ceropegia*. This was allowed to grow out free thirty-one inches from its support. Even after it had attained this length it continued to revolve at rates between five hours fifteen minutes and six hours forty-five minutes for each revolution. The tip thus described a circle more than five feet in diameter, or about sixteen feet in circumference. Assuming that the circuit was completed in six hours, it moved at the rate of about thirty-two inches per hour.

The end gained by these motions is as follows: The plant needs support; if it simply grew upwards it would soon bend by its own weight, and *might* fall upon what it needed, though the chances would be against its so doing; but by its revolutions it feels about, as it were, and thus secures the benefit of any support within a circle of which itself is the radius. While, however, its support may thus be secured, its motion onward is arrested; but the tendency to bend continues, and thus it is coiled around whatever it touches, somewhat as a rope swung in a circle coils about anything it strikes; only the plant coils through a property of the stem itself, and not by a momentum imparted to it from without, as in the rope.

The leaf-climbers, of which the different species of *clematis* are examples, not only have in some cases revolving stems, but, in addition, the leaf-stalk is irritable and moves when touched. Mr. Darwin found in one case that the pressure of a loop of thread weighing only the sixteenth of a grain was sufficient to excite it to activity. If the leaves come in contact with a support they immediately begin to bend so as to grasp it, and once they get hold, the leaf-stalk becomes rigid and thenceforth immovable. Thus we have here not only a revolving stem to increase the chances of contact, but pairs of leaves like outstretched arms, ready to seize upon anything which will serve to support the weight of the vine.

The tendril-climbers are the best known of all, since instances are to be found in many of our cultivated vines, as the pea, the grape, the Virginia creeper, etc. For the most part tendrils revolve in circles, ellipses, or spirals, always in search of a support; they have a high degree of irritability, contracting upon anything with which they come in contact, and always bending toward the touched side. All are familiar with the manner in which a tendril secures its hold by coiling its tip around whatever it touches. The motion, however, does not stop here, for it still continues to contract and is twisted into a close spiral which answers a double purpose, viz., to protect the vine by its spring against the effect of violent motions, and by its shortening to lift the vine, just as a man, in climbing, is raised by the bending of his arms.

In *bignonia speciosa*, Mr. Darwin observed a very remarkable movement, which, he rightly says, would be compared with the instinctive motions if it occurred in an animal. The tendrils of this plant continually feel about, as it were, in search of any dark hole into which they can thrust their tips. Into such holes they are sure to insert their tendrils, sometimes after having moved over a large surface. For this purpose the terminal portion, a half or a quarter of an inch in length, is bent at right angles on the barrel part very much as a man would crook his finger for a similar object. Sometimes he has seen a tendril withdraw from a hole it had occupied several hours, and seek and find a new one. While it appears from Mr. Darwin's observations that the light of the sun has some influence over the movements of plants, such as are noticed above, this influence is by no means so uniform as generally supposed, and certainly is not the immediate cause of them. Of about forty species of stem-climbers, more than two-thirds moved from left to right, or against the sun, while nearly all the others revolved in the opposite direction. One plant moved against the sun, while another of the same species moved with it. A species of *hibbertia*, on May 18, followed the sun, on the 19th and 20th moved against it, and on the 26th followed it for two-thirds of a circle, and then returned to its standing-point. In some cases the light seemed to retard, and in others to hasten, the movements. A *convolvulus* required fourteen minutes more to complete the half of its circle of revolution which was towards the light than that which was from it, while in an *ipomoea* the half of the revolution from the light required four hours and a half, and that towards it only an hour.

The tendrils of *bignonia capreolata* seem to have an aversion to light,

for if a dark surface was placed near them they turned to it, and when a plant, having three pairs of tendrils pointing in different directions, was placed in a box open only on one side, and that turned obliquely to the light, the tendrils all bent towards the darkest corner of the box. Mr. Darwin says: "Six tattered flags could not have pointed more truly from the wind than did these branched tendrils from the stream of light which entered the box."

—Much interest has been felt by chemists and meteorologists in the discussion of the many questions concerning the presence and functions of ozone in the atmosphere. Unfortunately, chemists are not all agreed about the trustworthiness of the tests which are used to determine the presence of ozone in the air. In spite of this uncertainty, however, systematic ozonometric observations are being rapidly multiplied. M. Le Verrier lately announced to the French Academy that the Minister of Public Instruction had authorized him to cause ozonometric observations to be made by all the meteorological commissioners of the department of France. Ozone is known to be destroyed by decomposing organic matters, and a large part of the interest which attaches to it is derived from its apparent antagonism to malaria and those insidious products of organic decomposition which are supposed to have something to do with epidemic diseases. Dr. Richardson, of London, has drawn up a list of "the most reliable facts known up to this time respecting ozone," which is interesting as presenting a physiologist's view of the matter, though many persons would demur at some of his statements. We make a brief abstract of his views, as follows:

Ozone is always present in minute proportions, say about one part in ten thousand, in natural air. It is destroyed in large towns, and with special rapidity in crowded, close, and filthy localities. When diffused through air in greater proportion than is natural, though still in minute quantity, it produces on inhalation distinct symptoms of acute catarrh—common cold. When animals are subjected to ozone in large quantities, at a temperature of 75°, the symptoms produced are those of inflammation of the throat and mucous membranes generally, and at last congestive bronchitis, which in carnivorous animals is often rapidly fatal. When animals are subjected for a long period to ozone in small proportions, the agent acts very differently on different animals. The carnivorous die after some hours, from disorganization of the blood; but the herbivora will live for weeks, and will suffer from no acute disease.

The question whether the presence of an unusual quantity of ozone in the air can produce actual disease, must be answered cautiously. Science has as yet no actual demonstrative evidence on the point. But the facts approach to demonstration that common cold—catarrh—is induced by this agent. All else is as yet speculative.

During periods of intense heat of weather, the ozone loses its active power. On dead organic matter undergoing putrefaction ozone acts rapidly; it entirely deodorizes it, and, at the same time, hastens the organic destruction.

There is an opposite condition of air in which the oxygen is rendered negative in its action, as compared with the air when it is charged with ozone. Air can be rendered thus negative by merely subjecting it, over and over again, to the respiration of animals. The purification of such air from carbonic acid and other tangible impurities, does not render it capable of supporting healthy life, but ozone restores the power. In this negative condition of air, the putrefaction of organic matter is greatly modified, and the offensive products are more abundant than is usual. Wounds become unhealthy and heal slowly in such negative air. There is no demonstrative evidence, as yet, that any diseases are actually caused by this negative condition of air, but the inference is fair that diseases which show a putrefactive tendency are influenced injuriously by a negative condition of the oxygen of the air. It is also probable that during this state decomposing, organic poisonous matters become more injurious. As ozone is used up in crowded localities, and as it is essential that this substance should be constantly supplied in order to effect the removal of decomposing substances and their products, Dr. Richardson urges that no mere attention to ventilation, or to other mechanical measures of a sanitary kind, can be fully effective unless the air introduced be made active by ozone. In his opinion, fever hospitals and other large buildings in towns should be artificially fed with ozonized air.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NATION OFFICE, Saturday Evening, }
February 10, 1866. }

THE feature of the week has been a decline in foreign exchange. Bankers' sterling bills have fallen to 107½ and 107¼. They have not been as low as this since the dead-lock of 1861, when the approach of the war rendered exchange unsalable, and gold was imported from England. The par exchange between the United States and England is about 100½ for sterling bills. At 110 gold can be shipped without loss, but with small prospect of profit, except in the case of firms which pay no commissions and but little insurance. To import gold profitably from Great Britain, bankers calculate that they must buy bills here at 106 to 106½. At this figure, allowing for loss of interest, commissions, and insurance, sovereigns may be imported. Twice within the past few years exchange has fallen to and below 106, and

on each occasion gold has been imported from Europe. But it has generally been re-exported "in the original package." Its mere appearance has had the effect of stiffening the exchange market to such an extent that it has been itself the best of all remittances. In the event of a continued decline in exchange, it remains to be seen whether the same result will follow now, or whether our enormous cotton supply will not make some difference. One thing is certain. When London hears of the decline in exchange, the alarm of January will be considerably increased. It will hardly then be claimed, even by the most besotted British prints, that the trouble arises from undue extension of credit to the United States. Our English friends will then realize the plain fact that the exchanges of the world are gradually tending in favor of the United States; that capital is flowing hither from Europe; and that henceforth New York is going to compete with London for the supremacy of the financial world. The practical results will be obvious. In view of the actual heavy drain of coin from England to India and of the probable drain from England to the United States, the Bank of England will probably advance the rate of interest—possibly as high as 10 to 12 per cent.—and all the loose parcels of 5-20s, Erie, etc., to be found in the London market will come here for sale. It is somewhat doubtful whether the latter will aggregate many millions. No *bona fide* holder of either 5-20s or Erie will sell his property for the sake of easing the London money market. The stronger our financial position becomes, the more firmly will Europeans hold their American investments. Such lots of bonds and stocks as may be held in bankers' or brokers' hands on speculation in London will, of course, be exported to this country; but they are not likely to amount to much. On the other hand, an advance in the Bank rate to 10 or 12 per cent. would prove efficacious if it succeeded forthwith in restoring the exchanges to the side of Great Britain. But if, by chance, the people of England continued to want of us more cotton and more 5-20s than they sent us dry goods and general merchandise, then the advance in the Bank rate would merely embarrass British trade and industry without altering the relative positions of the two countries in the commerce of the world, and would naturally, if prolonged for any length of time, drive to this country a considerable amount of British capital and labor.

Gold has fluctuated between 139 and 140½, closing at 139 this evening. It has been maintained at this premium exclusively by the policy of the Secretary of the Treasury, who has now over \$55,000,000 of gold in his vaults, absolutely dead to commerce. Gold has been worth from ½ to ¾ per cent. a day throughout the week, notwithstanding Government sales of \$1,500,000 or thereabouts, yesterday and to-day.

Money has been easy throughout the week, the general rate for call loans being 6 per cent. Early in the week thirteen millions of greenbacks were sent from the Sub-Treasury in this city to the head office in Washington. Nothing has transpired with regard to the cause of this transfer. But as no heavy payments on any account are made at Washington, the theory has been started that these thirteen millions are to be cancelled at the Treasury Department, as a commencement of the policy of contraction. No progress has been made with the financial bill in Congress. It was to have been reported on the 8th, but did not make its appearance, owing, it is said, to radical differences of opinion among the members of the Ways and Means Committee.

The following table will show the course of prices during the week in the stock, gold, exchange, and money markets:

	Feb. 3	Feb. 10.	Advance.	Decline.
United States Sixes of 1881.....	103½	104½	½
5-20 Bonds, old.....	103	102½	½
5-20 Bonds of 1865.....	102	102½	½
10-40 Bonds.....	94½	94½	½
7-30 Notes, second series.....	99½	99½
New York Central.....	87½ ex d.	88½	½
Erie Railway.....	77	78	1
Hudson River.....	99½	100	½
Reading Railroad.....	99½	100	½
Michigan Southern.....	68½	69	½
Cleveland and Pittsburg.....	89	79½	2½
Chicago and North-western.....	27½	27½	½
" " Preferred.....	54½	54½	½
Chicago and Rock Island.....	99½	101½	2½
P., Fort Wayne, and Chicago.....	92½	92	½
Canton.....	43½	43½
Cumberland.....	44½	44½	½
Mariposa.....	10½	12½	1½
American Gold ..	140	139	1
Bankers' Bills on London.....	108½	107½	½
Call Loans.....	6	6

The stock market continues feverish and unsettled, but the course of prices during the week has been generally upward. A natural reaction has followed the universal decline of January. It is reported that some of

the leading roads will show some improvement in their February traffic, and though public opinion in regard to the course of prices has undergone no change, the disposition to sell for the decline is temporarily checked. On the one hand, the failure of Congress to act upon the financial bill on the 8th inst., as announced, has led to surmises that contraction may not, after all, prove the policy of the day; and on the other, the excessive sales of the bears have tempted many speculators to embark in the fatal but seductive enterprise of a "corner." Michigan Southern has been manipulated by a clique, which at one time put up the price to 70½. The earnings for February are said to promise rather better than those for January. But no dividend on the stock need be expected this year. Cleveland and Pittsburg has fallen. The clique in this concern now owns all or nearly all the floating shares, and their policy has been such that there is little or no short interest in the stock. On the one hand the bears are afraid to sell, and no one, in or out of Wall Street, is willing to buy. When the clique undertakes to "unload," a decline of 15 to 20 per cent. will be inevitable. New York Central has improved, on purchases for account of a party in connection with which Commodore Vanderbilt's name has been used. There is this to be said in favor of New York Central. It is a safe stock, which has always paid dividends to its stockholders, and, notwithstanding its recent decline in net earnings, an impression prevails that a stoppage of the leaks which existed under the Corning régime might result in a considerable increase in its income. Erie is somewhat higher. At one time during the week it sold as high as 79½. The advance was mainly due to over-sales by the bears, which created an artificial scarcity of the stock on the 8th. It is pretty well understood that the clique have quite a large quantity of stock unsold, and that any advance will bring it out. Small lots of Erie are arriving per each steamer from England, and the export has for the moment been checked. The earnings of the road continue large, and were there any reason for expecting a decline in the expenses, the future prospect of dividends might be looked for hopefully. An active contest is going on in the stock of the Philadelphia and Reading Road. At one time during the week it sold down to 97. This figure brought the Philadelphians to the rescue, and their purchases, assisted by speculative operations based on the excessive short sales of the bears, carried up the price to 101. In Philadelphia the prospects of the road are considered very bright; and, indeed, there are but few roads in the country which can show \$11,000,000 of gross earnings on a capital (including debt) of \$28,000,000. Whether these earnings would continue in the event of a decline in the price of coal to the old average, is a problem. The Reading Road, however, is well managed. No money is thrown away. Every department is narrowly scrutinized; and the company may now, in fact, be said to control the anthracite coal trade of this country. This has not prevented one of the shrewdest operators of the Street from selling several thousand shares short on long options. Rock Island has improved, and has been taken in large amounts by a leading house. No reasonable doubt of the April dividend can be entertained, but it will be strange if, with the Mississippi open, the summer earnings should keep up to the average of the past year or two. We note a further advance in the stock of the Chicago and Alton, which is now quoted at 118 to 120. No securities are more popular with investors than really sound dividend-paying railway stocks.

An active movement in Pacific Mail is expected to result from the announcement of the opposition line to California, organized by Mr. William H. Aspinwall and his associates. The Pacific Company have sold their two idle boats—the *Baltic* and *Atlantic*—have increased their surplus to over a million dollars in cash, and are prepared, it is understood, to fight the newcomer from the start. On the other hand, Mr. Aspinwall and his associates are not men to be frightened off. There is thus a prospect that the rate of fare to San Francisco will be very much reduced this summer, and that the comforts of travellers on the route will be more carefully watched over than has been heretofore the case. A fall in Pacific Mail, which has been lately selling at 185 to 190, as against 300 a year ago, would likewise seem a probable incident of the fight.

Thirty-first Dividend NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET, JANUARY 10, 1866.

The Directors have This Day declared a Semi-Annual Dividend of

SIX PER CENT.,

FREE OF U. S. TAX

(Reserving all unexpired premiums), payable on and after MONDAY, the 15th inst.
P. NOTMAN, Secretary. J. D. STEELE, President.

**HOME
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE, 135 BROADWAY.**

Cash Capital, - - - - - \$2,000,000 00
Assets, 1st Jan., 1865, - - - - - 3,765,503 42
Liabilities, - - - - - 77,901 52

**FIRE, MARINE, and INLAND
INSURANCE.**

Agencies at all important points throughout the United States.

CHAS. J. MARTIN, PRESIDENT.

A. F. WILMARTH, VICE-PRESIDENT.

JOHN McGEE, Secretary.

J. H. WASHBURN, Assistant Secretary.

W. C. NICOLL, Superintendent Marine Department.

**THE MERCANTILE MUTUAL
INSURANCE COMPANY.**

OFFICE, 35 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Assets, January 1, 1866 \$1,366,699

ORGANIZED APRIL, 1844.

The Company has paid to its Customers, up to the present time, Losses amounting to over

EIGHTEEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

For the past nine years the cash dividends paid to Stockholders, made from ONE-THIRD of the net profits, have amounted in the aggregate to

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE AND A HALF PER CENT.

Instead of issuing a scrip dividend to dealers, based on the principle that all classes of risks are equally profitable, this Company will hereafter make such cash abatement or discount from the current rates, when premiums are paid, as the general experience of underwriters will warrant, and the net profits remaining at the close of the year will be divided to the stockholders.

This Company continues to make Insurance on Marine and Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks on the most favorable terms, including Risks on Merchandise of all kinds, Hulls, and Freight.

Policies issued making loss payable in Gold or Currency, at the Office in New York, or in Sterling, at the Office of Rathbone, Bros. & Co., in Liverpool.

TRUSTEES.

Joseph Walker,
James Freeland,
Samuel Willette,
Robert L. Taylor,
William T. Frost,
William Watt,
Henry Eyre,
Cornelius Grinnell,
E. E. Morgan,
Her. A. Schleicher,
Joseph Slagg,
Jas. D. Fleish,
Geo. W. Hennings,
Francis Hathaway,

Aaron L. Reid,
Ellwood Walter,
D. Colden Murray,
E. Haydock White,
N. L. McCready,
Daniel T. Willette,
L. Edgerton,
Henry R. Kunhardt,
John S. Williams,
William Nelson, Jr.,
Charles Dimon,
A. William Heye,
Harold Dolner,
Paul N. Spofford.

ELLWOOD WALTER, President.
CHAS. NEWCOMB, Vice-Prest.

C. J. DESPARD, Secretary.

Where I Can Ensure,
WHAT I CAN ENSURE AGAINST,
AND
WHAT IT WILL COST ME.

I CAN ENSURE IN THE
NATIONAL LIFE AND TRAVELLERS' INSURANCE CO.,

243 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

OPPOSITE CITY HALL PARK,

Authorized Capital, - - - Half a Million,

AGAINST EVERY DESCRIPTION OF ACCIDENTS that can happen to me on Sea or Land.

I can ensure my life on the purely Mutual Plan, either by an Endowment, or a Life Policy, or a Ten-year Non-forfeiture Policy.

\$25 secures a General Accident Policy for \$5,000, with a Weekly Compensation of \$25.

\$10 secures a Marine Policy for \$10,000 for a voyage to any European port, covering loss of life at sea from accident.

\$167 35 per annum secures an Endowment Policy for \$5,000, with profits payable at the age of 50, or at death to a person 25 years of age.

\$96 90 per annum secures a Life Policy for \$5,000, with profits, to a person 25 years of age. A Loan of one-third of the Premium, or Life, or Endowment Policy will be given, if required, without note.

POLICIES ISSUED AT ONCE.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED for General Accident Policies.

GREAT NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK.

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - - \$1,400,000 00

THE UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Is one of those well-established and prudently managed Life Insurance Companies which distinguish this nation for enlightened benevolence, practical wisdom, and disinterested philanthropy. It offers superior advantages to the life-ensuring public. It is based upon fundamental principles of soundness, and gives abundant security in large accumulated funds. Through the admirable economy of its management large dividends are secured to policy holders. It is prompt in payment of losses, and accommodates the assured in the settlement of their premiums in life policies by receiving a note for one-half when the premium amounts to over \$30.

THIS COMPANY offers PECULIAR ADVANTAGES to persons intending to ensure their lives.

Since its organization it has paid (chiefly to Widows and Orphans) for losses by death,

\$912,342 00,

and

\$412,748 00

in Dividends—a total of over

ONE AND A QUARTER MILLION

of Dollars, and now has, in its Capital and Accumulations, securely invested for the Payment of Losses and Dividends, a fund of

\$1,400,777 16.

This is one of the oldest wholly Mutual Life Insurance Companies in the United States, and has been uniformly successful, having always made large returns in Cash dividends to all the policy holders.

COMPETENT AGENTS WANTED.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 151 BROADWAY.

J. W. & H. JUDD, GENERAL AGENTS.

FIRE INSURANCE

With Participation in Profits.

NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE, 114 BROADWAY.

BRANCH OFFICE,

10 COOPER INSTITUTE, THIRD AVENUE.

INCORPORATED 1823.

CASH CAPITAL \$500,000 00
SURPLUS 251,653 11

Cash Capital and Surplus, Jan. 1, 1866, \$751,653 11.

Ensures Property against Loss or Damage by fire at usual rates, and the Assured participate in the Profits of the Business.

Policies issued and Losses paid at the Office of the Company, or at its various Agencies in the principal cities in the United States.

R. W. BLEECKER, Secretary.

JAMES W. OTIS, President.

**THE
MORRIS FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE COMPANY.**

COLUMBIAN BUILDING, 1 NASSAU STREET.

JUNE 1, 1865.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$5,000,000.

CASH CAPITAL, PAID IN, AND SURPLUS, \$885,040 57.

POLICIES OF INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE

Issued on the most Favorable Terms.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, President.

ABRAHAM M. KIRBY, Vice-President.

ELLIS R. THOMAS, Secretary.

FIRST CLASS FIRE INSURANCE

ON THE PARTICIPATION PLAN.

MARKET FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

37 WALL STREET, CORNER OF JAUNCEY COURT.

CONDITION OF THE COMPANY.

ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL REPORT OF DEC. 31, 1864.

TOTAL ASSETS	\$414,729 18
Viz.—Bonds and Mortgages	\$134,672 00
Temporary Loans	92,630 00
Real Estate	10,000 00
100 Shares Mer. Ex. Bank	5,000 00
Government Sec., value	144,514 00
Cash on hand	18,042 84
Interest due	3,085 58
Premiums due	6,785 96
PRESENT LIABILITIES	\$15,465 92
NET SURPLUS	198,733 26

This Company will continue, as heretofore, to insure respectable parties against

DISASTER BY FIRE

At fair and remunerating rates; extending, according to the terms on its Policies, the advantage of the

PARTICIPATION PLAN OF THE COMPANY.

pursued by it for several years past, with such great success and popularity, and profit to its customers: whereby

(75) **SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT.** (75)
 of the Profits, instead of being withdrawn from the Company in Dividends to Stockholders, is invested as a "SCRIP FUND," and held for greater protection of its Policyholders; and Scrip, bearing interest, is issued to Customers therefor: thus, IN THIS COMPANY, those who furnish the business, AND PAY THE PREMIUMS, derive the largest share of advantages; and when the accumulations of the SCRIP FUND shall exceed

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,

the excess will be applied to PAY OFF the Scrip IN CASH in the order of its issue.

The liberal and prompt adjustment of Claims for Loss, WHEN FAIR AND

SQUARE, is a specialty with this Company.

NOTE.—This Company does not insure on the hazards of RIVER, LAKE, or

INLAND NAVIGATION; confining itself strictly to a legitimate FIRE INSURANCE

BUSINESS. ASHER TAYLOR, President.

H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OFFICES, 1 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

" 139 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL	\$1,000,000 00
ASSETS	1,500,000 00

Insurance against Loss by Fire, Marine, Lake, Canal, and Inland Transportation.

STEPHEN CROWELL, President. EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice-President.
 PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

NIACARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE, 13 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL INCREASED TO	\$1,000,000
SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865,	275,253

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

CHARTERED 1850.

Cash Dividends paid in fourteen years, 248 per cent.

P. NOTMAN, Secretary. JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.'S

GRAND, Celebrated Gold Medal
 SQUARE, AND
 UPRIGHT
PIANOS.

These instruments have been for thirty years before the public, in competition with other instruments of first class makers. They have, throughout that long period, maintained their reputation among the profession and the public as being unsurpassed in every quality found in a first-class Piano.

650 BROADWAY,

AND

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL.

J. BAUER & CO., Agents.**SCHOOL FURNITURE!**

Lecture-Room and Sabbath-School Settees
 IN EVERY STYLE,

MANUFACTURED BY

ROBERT PATON,

14 GROVE STREET, NEW YORK.

THE BEST SEWING-MACHINES IN THE WORLD.**THE WEED MACHINES,**

With all their valuable improvements, entirely overcome all imperfections. They are superior to all others for family and manufacturing purposes, simple in construction, durable in all their parts, and readily understood. They have certainty of stitch on all kinds of fabrics, and are adapted to a wide range of work without change or adjustment, using all kinds of thread. Will hem, fell, bind, gather, braid, tuck, quilt, cord, and, in fact, do all kinds of work required by families or manufacturers. We invite all persons in search of an instrument to execute any kind of sewing now done by machinery to inspect them, and recommend all parties engaging in the sale of sewing-machines to make sure they secure the best by examining the WEED before purchasing. They make the shuttle-stitch, which cannot be excelled for firmness, elasticity, durability, and elegance of finish. They have received the highest premiums in every instance where they have been exhibited in competition with other standard machines. The company being duly licensed, the machines are protected against infringements or litigation.

Reliable agents wanted, to whom we offer great inducements. Every explanation will be cheerfully given to all whether they wish to purchase or not. Descriptive circulars, together with specimens of their work, will be furnished to all who desire them by mail or otherwise.

WEED SEWING-MACHINE CO.,

STORE, 506 BROADWAY, N. Y.

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK,

27 & 29 PINE ST., NEW YORK.

Has for sale U. S. 7 3-10 Notes, all sizes; also, One Year Certificates and all other Government Loans.

P. C. CALHOUN, President.

B. SEAMAN, Cashier.

ANTHONY LANE, Asst. Cashier.

Insurance Scrip.

WILLIAM C. GILMAN,
 46 PINE STREET, NEW YORK,
 BUYS AND SELLS INSURANCE SCRIP.

The Nation:**A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.**

This journal will not be the organ of any party, sect, of body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features; and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

It is intended, in the interest of investors, as well as of the public generally, to have questions of trade and finance treated every week by a writer whose position and character will give his articles an exceptional value, and render them a safe and trustworthy guide.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with care, is pursuing a journey through the South. His letters appear every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

TERMS:—Six Dollars per annum, in advance; Six months, Four Dollars. When delivered by Carrier in New York or Brooklyn, Fifty Cents additional.

JOSEPH H. RICHARDS,

PUBLISHER,

130 Nassau Street, N. Y.

GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES

WERE AWARDED THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS At the State Fairs of

New Jersey,	Illinois,	Virginia,
New York,	Michigan,	N. Carolina,
Vermont,	Wisconsin,	Tennessee,
Pennsylvania,	Iowa,	Alabama,
Ohio,	Kentucky,	Oregon,
Indiana,	Missouri,	California,

And at numerous Institute and County Fairs, including all the Fairs at which they were exhibited the past three years.

The GROVER & BAKER ELASTIC-STITCH SEWING MACHINE is superior to all others, for the following reasons:

1. The seam is stronger and more elastic than any other.
2. It is more easily managed, and is capable of doing a greater variety and range of work than any other.
3. It is capable of doing all the varieties of sewing done by other machines, and, in addition, executes beautiful embroidery and ornamental work.

GROVER & BAKER S. M. CO.,
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FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.,

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THE BEST FAMILY MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

Wonderful REVERSIBLE FEED MOTION. SELF-ADJUSTING Tension. No Snarling and Breaking Threads. FIVE distinct Stitches.

DEMULCENT SOAP, FOR CHAPPED AND TENDER HANDS, FOR TOILET AND BATH USE.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
J. C. HULL'S SON,
33 PARK ROW, N. Y.

Upwards of 100 styles of Toilet and Staple Soaps. For sale by all Dealers.

Make Your Own Soap with B. T. BABBITT'S Potash, in tin cans, 70 Wallington Street, New York. Pure Concentrated Potash or Ready Soap Maker. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in the market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

B. T. BABBITT,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington St., N. Y.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES, MAKE THE LOCK-STITCH,

and rank highest on account of the elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirableness of the stitching, when done, and the wide range of its application.—*Report of American Institute.*

Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines FOR FAMILIES AND MANUFACTURERS.

THE HOWE MACHINE COMPANY,
ELIAS HOWE, Jr., Pres.,
629 BROADWAY.
Agents wanted.

Improvements in Piano-fortes.

One of the simplest and most truly valuable improvements yet made in the Piano-forte is that invented and patented by

DECKER BROTHERS, 91 BLEECKER STREET, in this city. By correcting the only imperfections arising from the use of the full iron-plate, and that, too, by not detracting in the slightest degree from its many positive advantages, the Messrs. DECKER have developed in their instruments a tone at once admirable for its purity, fullness, prolongation, and sweetness, and the high estimation in which their improvement is held is well shown in the rapidly increasing business of their firm.—*Tribune.*

MARVIN'S

PATENT FIRE AND BURGLAR SAFE.

Superior to any others in the following particulars
They are more fire-proof.

They are more burglar-proof.

They are perfectly dry.

They do not lose their fire-proof qualities by age.

Manufactured only by

MARVIN & CO., 265 Broadway.

721 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
Send for a descriptive Circular.

Saleratus.—B. T. BABBITT'S SALERATUS, 70 Washington Street, N. Y. If you want healthy bread, use B. T. BABBITT'S best medicinal Saleratus, made from common salt. Bread made with this Saleratus contains, when baked, nothing but common salt, water, and flour. B. T. BABBITT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, N. Y.

Economical Housekeepers Use

PLYLE'S SALERATUS.

PLYLE'S CREAM TARTAR.

PLYLE'S O. K. SOAP.

PLYLE'S BLUEING POWDER.

Articles designed for all who want the best goods, full weight. Sold by best Grocers everywhere. Each package bears the name of JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, New York.

The Horace Waters

Grand, Square, and Upright PIANOS, MELODEONS, HARMONIUMS, and CABINET ORGANS. Wholesale and retail, at reduced prices. To let, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second-hand Pianos at bargain prices \$60, \$75, \$100, \$125, \$150, \$175, \$200, and \$225. Factory and Warerooms, 481 Broadway. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos.

UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER, WITH COG-WHEELS.

The World's Fair in London, the Mechanics' Institute, and Eleven State Fairs have decided that the U. C. W. is the BEST.

We also WARRANT IT THE BEST and most durable Wringer made. Over 200,000 have been sold, and each family can testify to its superior merits.

"It saves its cost in clothing every year."—ORANGE JUDD.

"One of the most useful articles in my house."—MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"I heartily commend it."—REV. DR. BELLOWES.

Call or send for illustrated circular, with testimonials, retail prices, and terms to salesmen.

Money can be made rapidly selling them in every town.

R. C. BROWNING, GENERAL AGENT,
347 Broadway, New York.

Pacific Mail Steamship Company's THROUGH LINE

TO CALIFORNIA, TOUCHING AT MEXICAN PORTS,

AND CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL, Leave Pier No. 42 North River, foot of Canal Street, at 12 o'clock noon, on the 1st, 11th, and 21st of every month (except when those dates fall on Sunday, and then on the preceding SATURDAY), for ASPINWALL, connecting, via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's steamships from Panama for SAN FRANCISCO, touching at ACAPULCO.

DECEMBER.

1st.—HENRY CHAUNCEY, Captain Gray, connecting with CONSTITUTION, Captain Farnsworth.

11th.—ATLANTIC, Captain Maury, connecting with GOLDEN CITY, Captain Bradbury.

21st.—NEW YORK, Captain Horner, connecting with COLORADO, Captain Watkins.

Departures of 1st and 21st connect at Panama with steamers for SOUTH PACIFIC PORTS. Those of 1st touch at MANZANILLO.

Through Passage Rates, in Currency.

FIRST CABIN, SECOND CABIN, STEERAGE, ON STEAMERS....\$325. \$225. \$100.

Panama Railroad ticket invariably \$25 additional, in currency.

A discount of ONE-FIFTH from steamers' rates allowed to second-cabin and steerage passengers with families.

One Hundred Pounds Baggage allowed each adult. Baggage-masters accompany baggage through, and attend to ladies and children without male protectors. Baggage received on the dock the day before sailing, from steamboats, railroads, and passengers, who prefer to send down early.

An experienced Surgeon on Board. Medicines and attendance free.

A steamer will be placed on the line January 1, 1866, to run from NEW ORLEANS to ASPINWALL, via HAVANA.

For Passage tickets or further information apply at the Company's ticket office, on the wharf foot of Canal Street, North River.

F. W. J. BELLOWES, AGENT.

FRANCIS & LOUTREL,

45 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK,

STATIONERS, STEAM PRINTERS,

AND

BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

Supply everything in their line at lowest prices. Every kind of Writing Paper, Account Books, Fancy and Staple Stationery, Diaries for 1866, Expense Books, etc. Orders solicited.

Copartnership Notice.

The undersigned have associated, under the firm title of OLMSTED, VAUX & CO., for the business of furnishing Designs and Superintendence for Buildings and Grounds, and other Architectural and Engineering Works, including the Laying-out of Towns, Villages, Parks, Cemeteries, and Gardens.

110 Broadway.
New York, January 1, 1866.

FINKLE & LYON'S

IMPROVED

LOOK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE.

N. B.—Money refunded if the Machine is not preferred to any in market for family use.

AGENTS WANTED.

538 Broadway, N. Y.

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